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The Witch of Jamestown

A STORY OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA.

BY JAMES T. BOWYER.

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THE WITCH OF JAMESTOWN.

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61

THE

Witch of Jamestown

A Story of Colonial Virginia.

BY JAMES T. BOWYER.

RICHMOND, VA.
J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH, PUBLISHERS.
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THE WITCH OF JAMESTOWN

CHAPTER I.

In the midsummer of 1673 a ship arrived at Jamestown, then the capital of the Colony of Virginia, direct from the port of Liverpool. The passengers were few, and among them only one whose personal appearance indicated a patrician birth, and whose manner corresponded with high culture. He was of rather short statue, but of symmetrical proportions. Bright yellow hair and blue eyes, a fresh-tinted skin, and a frank expression of countenance, proclaimed his Saxon blood and breeding. His years could not have counted more than twenty-seven, yet he had the air of self-confidence which is often wanting in men of greater age. Being a stranger to all the people around him, he sought not to make the acquaintance of any, but employed himself for awhile in looking at the wide river in front and the narrow village behind him, and then suddenly walked up the main street, and found the Governor's mansion as if by instinct. It was not strange, though, that he did this. The village did not contain more than four hundred inhabitants, all told, and the Governor's house the only residence which made any claim to architectural elegance. It was a square building of two stories, with an attic lighted by dormer windows, and ventilated by four tall chimneys, which would have made the house look like a factory if the uncovered porch running all around had not caused it to look more like a brick-kiln sitting in a willow basket.

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As soon as our traveler reached the threshhold of this of authority, he was met by a jet-black African slave, ed in pure white, and as obsequious as a spaniel. The ıg gentleman, once in the presence of the Governor, was ally received, and then cordially saluted, after reading a r of introduction, which told the Governor that the er was Mr. Nathaniel Bacon, a cousin to Francis Bacon, great Lord Chancellor of England, and author of *The vem Organum*. The letter was from Archbishop Laud, ecclesiastic who stood as high in the estimation of the vernor as did the philosopher. In fact, so highly did he Doeem the letter, as to read it all over twice, and then to mark: "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Bacon. The Lord Chancellor and I were boys together. You look like he did at your age. The last time I saw him was when he sat in judgment upon the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. A great trial indeed. The King's behavior astonished everybody. He appeared extremely anxious for a conviction of both the Duke and Duchess, and when Coke secured it the King not only pardoned, but gave them twenty thousand pounds to pay expenses of the trial. Has the mystery been fathomed?"

"Many persons now think that King James killed his oldest son, Prince Henry, to secure the succession to Charles, and that Overbury and Somerset were both aware of the crime. The King, for security, instigated Somerset to kill Overbury, and then plotted to stain Somerset with a verdict of murder," answered Mr. Bacon.

"I can hardly think so ill of a sovereign. That theory must have originated in the mind of a Puritan when Cromwell was in power, and many people were trying to please him by calumnies of the Stuart family. As Cromwell committed a murder himself when he beheaded Charles I, to charge James with the assassination of his own son might make the usurper look a little better than the King," remarked the Governor.

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"You may be right; and still there may be some truth in the charge. Why do you think the Duke and Duchess fell out after their pardon, and never again enjoyed domestic felicity, although they were both young and handsome?"

"Nothing is more common than for husband and wife to be at enmity. In fact, quarreling is the chief source of enjoyment with some people. Small as this village is, there are in it several couples who are constantly wrangling, and the bone of contention is oftener religious belief than anything else. The Puritan nonsense, I'm sorry to say, has got a foothold in my colony, and it requires all my energy to keep it from spreading."

"I doubt whether it is as much of an evil as you think. The advantage of a difference in opinion is that it gives each side an adversary, and keeps both from becoming lukewarm."

"A Christian had better be lukewarm than red-hot. Loyalty to Christ is like loyalty to a government. The duty of the subject is to obey church and state, and be hot or cool as the law requires. At this very time our colony is threatened with extermination by the savages. The law requires every man to be a soldier; yet a great many Puritans shirk duty because I belong to the church of Christ, and insist upon the use of its ritual every time God is worshipped. I sometimes think these Puritans would like to see us all killed, and the church perish at the same time."

"They do consider their religion paramount to all other considerations. It was this fervor that made Cromwell successful. He had but one idea in his head, and that the establishment of his religion."

"I differ with you. Cromwell was the prince of hypocrites, and only used religion as a lever to lift himself to power and make wealth for his family. He was an atheist."

"He died the death of an humble Christian."

"Men often die on the scaffold under similar circumstances. They think their souls are safe, when in fact it is only their

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minds that are stupefied by the terror of approaching death. Cromwell said he knew he was once in grace, and, as the Puritan doctrine teaches that a man once in grace can never fall from grace, Cromwell thought himself safe. What can be more nonsensical than such a doctrine? It makes God a monster of cruelty and injustice."

"I understand it to mean, as we are all under condemnation, if a few are excused from the extreme penalty, none have a right to complain. Suppose a man is convicted of murder, like the Duke of Somerset, and has his punishment changed from death to a secluded residence in his own house, why should other less fortunate criminals complain?"

"In my opinion the Duke had better have been hanged. It would have been a milder punishment. He and his wife wrangled and contended for fifteen years, and only found peace in separate apartments. This Colony of Virginia is a great place of refuge for people who can't harmonize with their kindred at home. I'm afraid their posterity will inherit their disposition to quarrel, and as soon as the colony become safe and populous there will be a row between England and America. This fondness for contending was the real cause of Luther's schism, and will continue until the church becomes a unit again. Of course you have read Lord Bacon's essay on Unity in Religion."

"I have read it more than one time, without agreeing with it in opinion. It denies the right of a man to follow his own conscience."

"Whenever you hear people complain of a pressure of conscience, you may be sure they have a selfish aim to advance. Just look at these Puritans. They think they have discovered some small errors in the church, and presume upon that to make war against the civil government without stopping to consider the great damage they do religion itself. Christ only established one church, and it is only by preserving its unity that the end aimed at can be accomplished. How can we hope to cure atheism unless we agree among

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ourselves? If every man has a right to follow his conscience why not let the atheist follow his?"

"I understand the Puritans to claim theirs to be the church established by Christ, and to assert that the Catholic is a divergence therefrom."

"What folly! It is like a band of deserters calling themselves the grand army. Where were these Puritans during the middle ages; in fact, where were they before Von Hutton and Luther began their rebellion?"

"In the Bible."

"Was not the Bible in the sole custody of the church during the first fifteen centuries? Before the age of printing it was transcribed as occasion required by the monks, under the instructions of the Pope, and if it had not been all he desired, nothing could have been easier than to have had it changed to suit his wishes. The Bible was then in Latin (as high-priced as a horse is now), and only owned and read by the rich and the learned. Even if a few copies had escaped the change, the larger number would have invalidated the few."

"The Puritans argue that the fear of the Lord prevented this kind of tampering with the holy book."

"That proves that the church was never corrupt as they allege. Who ever heard of *God-fearing corrupt men?* It is a paradox in full keeping with the other heresies of these Puritans, who hope to improve their own fortunes by making war on the kingdom of Christ and the government of Virginia."

CHAPTER II.

THERE being only one tavern in Jamestown, it was necessarily the best, and Mr. Bacon being exempt from all the worry of doubt, lost no time in having his luggage

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moved from the ship to the house of Mr. Cotton, the proprietor. The building was of wood, with a long porch in front, over the chief entrance to which sat a leaden bust of the illustrious John Smith. The Cottons, man and wife, were of New England origin, and related to the Mathers, two preachers of the Puritan faith, whose zeal and declamation were supposed to have saved many souls, and were known to have sent a goodly number of old women to a fiery hell in this world, upon charges of witchcraft and sorcery. The hallucination had reached Virginia, but had not yet expressed itself in one of these burnings at the stake. In fact, the existence of witches and wizzards was confined entirely to the Puritans, who were few in number when compared with the adherents of the Church of England.

The reader need not be told that the age of which we write was the era of Charles II, nor that the church of his court was under the administration of Archbishop Laud; it may, though, be worth while to mention that Charles had no religion at all, and that Laud, nominally a Protestant, was at heart a Catholic, and worked guardedly and gradually to heal the wounds inflicted in the preceding century by the Lutherans, and to effect a reconciliation with the Roman Pontiff. His task was not a difficult one either. The reign of Cromwell had taught the higher class of English people that a Puritan in power was more to be dreaded than a Pope, and that a democracy unrestrained by either a sense of shame or responsibility, can play the tyrant on a larger scale than can a king with a crown on his head. As the Puritans in Cromwell's time called all the paraphernalia of the Catholic worship nought but so much flummery and idolatry, and declared painting and sculpture to be the handmaids of the devil, so did Laud, when his time came, ridicule the assumed authority and the affected righteousness of the Puritan as a disguise worn in public to hide the vices indulged in private. The saints of Cromwell, as we well know, not only forbid the ordinary pastimes of the young, as ex-

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hibited in the dance, the play, and the race, but abolished the festival of Christmas, because the 25th of December had been celebrated as the birthday of Minerva, a long time before the Pope called it the birthday of Jesus Christ.

The youth of England were weary of this unnatural restraint, and hailed with delight the relaxations of Bishop Laud, who opened to them the play-houses, and permitted the race-course and the Morris dance, as harmless and even wholesome escape valves for the effervescence of youthful health and spirit. Many, though, of the old gospellers adhered to their accustomed plan of a rigid piety, and, as is always the case, this conflict in religion sought a practical expression in the field of politics. The King and his cavaliers formed one party; the gospellers and their followers another; and these two employed the larger part of their wit in finding nick-names for their adversary, and the larger part of their uncharitableness in doing damage, either by fair means or foul.

This conflict of opinion having reached Virginia, Mr. Bacon was prepared to hear a very different view of politics and religion taken when he mixed with the frequenters of the inn, which had become his temporary abiding place. Mrs. Cotton was a young and pretty woman of rather tall statue; her symmetrical limbs showing their graceful outline through a narrow-cut dress, and her movements indicating the ease which invariably attaches to a strength gained by much exercise, and a bloom of the cheeks and a brightness of the eyes, which also belong to the same health-giving mode of living and behaving. She had two little girls, the age of the oldest not going beyond twelve years; and these children, with their father and mother, constituted the entire family of the inn-keeper. All the domestic work was performed by negro slaves, and as some of them were not long since from Africa, Mr. Bacon found it difficult to understand their language when they spoke, and sometimes thought their manner more indicative of war than of peace. Still

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they were friendly disposed, and as soon as they became acquainted with the new arrival, treated him much as did the watch-dog of the tavern.

Among the frequenters of the house was a Doctor Grindon, one of the two physicians resident in the town. At first Mr. Bacon thought the Doctor the ugliest man he ever set eyes upon; and that he could blow his nose louder than he had ever heard the operation performed. The guests were called to their meals by the tooting of a horn, and it was several days before Mr. Bacon could distinguish between the nasal performance of the medical man, and that of the African in charge of the dining-room. Little Emma Cotton finally explained it to Mr. Bacon, by telling him that the Doctor always turned the tune on B flat, while Sambo turned on A sharp.

The Doctor's physiognomy improved on acquaintance, and the sounds of his nose growing familiar, passed unnoticed. As Mr. Bacon came to know him, he discovered a good deal of the expression of intellect in his face. The horn-shape of the Doctor's nose seemed to accord with the perpendicular wrinkles in his cheeks and the horizontal ones on his forehead. His cavernous mouth, which when shut looked like a crack in the floor, and when opened made the impression that he was about to take off the top of his head, appeared as if designed for the highest order of oratory, while his deep-set little eyes, with their shaggy brows, bore some resemblance to eyes full of poetic fancy. The Doctor, born and bred in England, had a wife of Massachusetts origin, and when Mr. Bacon made her acquaintance he thought that so far as ugliness went, never did a man and a woman so well accord; but when it came to characteristics of mind and manners they diverged like the poles of the earth. Both the Doctor and Mrs. Grindon had passed the sixtieth year of life, and both looked older than that age. They were well educated, as the word education was then defined in America, but the Doctor's training adapted him

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much better to the affairs of this life than the training of his wife did her.

As soon as the Doctor made the acquaintance of Mr. Bacon he asked: "Do you know Sir Thomas Browne, M. D.?"

"Not personally, although I, like every other man in England, have heard of him. He is considered the wisest and the most skilful physician in the world."

"Has he made any recent discoveries in medical science?"

"The last I heard of is his improved plan of treating the gout. All the patient has to do is to sleep every night with his feet against a dog. The disease is translated from the man to the animal, with the effect of curing the former and killing the latter."

"Just like Sir Thomas. It is another evidence of his genius. I will try the remedy on Governor Berkeley, who suffers severely with the gout," said the Doctor, blowing his nose so loudly as to attract the attention of Mr. Cotton, who asked if it was the same Browne who believed so firmly in witches and witchcraft.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bacon, "it is the identical individual, and many wonder how so wise a man can be so superstitious."

"Nothing can fairly be called superstition which is sustained by the testimony of the Bible. How can we, with no other light than our ancestors had, be any wiser than they? If God had given a recent revelation, then we would change; but until that comes, we have no excuse to doubt or differently construe the testimony we have. We hear a good deal said about the advance of human thought, and new books are often called better than old ones, but I am at a loss to understand how any advance of thought can make us wiser than the men God conversed with, or how any man who writes now from his own mind can do better than those who wrote from divine inspiration," said Mr. Cotton.

"The human mind develops as the necessities of life require. As population increases, diseases multiply, and when wit sets to work to find new medicines for the body, it must

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find a new discipline for the mind. It often happens that a man has a disease of hallucination, and there is no cure for him until he is convinced that the disease he thinks he has is an impossibility," said the Doctor.

"Do you consider witchcraft a disease of the mind?"

"Yes, Mr. Bacon; and I think my wife is afflicted with it at this very time. She certainly possesses powers not common to other women, and nearly every inhabitant of this town has seen her exercise them. If it were not for the Governor, I am inclined to think some of these people would put her to death, not for any evil thing she has done, but from a fear of what she might do."

"There is no danger, Doctor, of your wife being molested or ill-treated. A witch is a person possessed of a devil, and can do nothing good—all of her acts are evil; but Mrs. Grindon never hurts or offends any one," said Mr. Cotton.

"The danger is from the young girls, of whom we are beginning to have many. They all want to marry, and when they fail in a particular instance, instead of attributing it to their own want of charms, they lay it all on the intrigues of some old woman," replied the Doctor.

"I thought there were more young men than young women in the colony," said Mr. Bacon.

"Not if you count the Indian girls. When we are at peace with the red man, as we are at this time, many white men prefer their daughters to those of their own race. There is a novelty in the association which captivates a great many, and if a man lives on a plantation he is safer with an Indian wife. You will scarcely believe it when I tell you that most of our late troubles with the aborigines were instigated by the women. They like to set the white men to fighting to keep them from marrying the Indian girls," said the Doctor.

"Has the effort been tried to enslave the Indians?"

"Yes, Mr. Bacon, and it failed. In the first place the

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Indians are difficult to discipline; and in the second place, the white men are sure to fall in love with the girls. It will never do to have our slaves of kin to us," said the Doctor.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day Mr. Bacon, in company with the little Cotton girls, went out to view the village and its surroundings. These children, though young, were yet excellent guides and companions for a man who was more interested in the flora and fauna of the county than in the history of the village and the fortunes of its inhabitants. As it had not been more than sixty-four years since Smith and his adventurers arrived in Virginia, everything appeared new to Mr. Bacon, accustomed as he was to the antiquity of Great Britain. Yet, owing to the warmth and dampness of the climate, some of the houses might have been venerated as the relics of a generation of people long since dead and buried. This appearance of age was heightened by the gigantic size of many trees, and the festoons of moss hanging from their boughs. The aspect of the locality would have even made an impression of melancholy, had it not been for the luxuriant growth of vegetation and the magnificent bloom of flowers.

This latter display of an opulent nature delighted the girls, and interested the man. Mr. Bacon had never seen a magnolia in bloom, nor had he ever seen that grotesque species of the cactus, often called the Spanish dagger. The great white flowers of the tree, with their odor of a rather oppressive sweetness, and the sharp, defiant-looking blades of the bush, heightened the beauty of one, and the ugliness of the other, with the effect of causing Emma Cotton to remark: "The magnolia, Mr. Bacon, looks like Lady Fanny

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Berkeley, and the cactus like old Mrs. Grindon. Lady Fanny is as sweet as sugar, and Mrs. Grindon as sour as vinegar."

"I've heard people say that Mrs. Grindon was pretty enough before she married the Doctor: she caught her ugliness from him," said Emma Cotton.

"And I've heard people say, if their ugliness ever strikes inward, it will kill both of them," said Mary.

"Nothing but fire will kill Mrs. Grindon; she is a witch. She made my head ache one day because she thought I was laughing at her."

"Then, Emma, I advise you not to laugh at all when you are in her company, and say as little about old age as possible. Old people know their inferiority to young ones, and are apt to get angry if they are reminded of it," said Mr. Bacon.

"I know it. Men never fall in love with old women, and old men are afraid young men will whip them. Indians always kill their old people, just to get rid of them. There comes two squaws now, Mr. Bacon; look, but don't say anything to them. If you do, they will throw their arms around your neck and hug you as tight as a bear can hug," said Mary, calling attention to a couple of red-skin girls who approached in a rapid walk, and as they passed gave a gutteral sound, and enabled the spectator to observe the symmetry of their proportions as displayed in a dress starting at the waist and ending at the knee.

"I'm glad you didn't speak to them. Never do so. They are not like white people at all. If you give them an inch, they will take a mile," said Mary; and while Emma was adding some other advice, they came to the edge of the river, and stopped to admire a large ship which was getting ready to discharge its cargo.

"It is a slave ship. If we wait awhile we will see the wild Africans come on shore. They are better than Indians. They obey you and work for you, and never think them-

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selves as good as white people. I like a nigger, and hate an Indian," said Emma.

As the offing of the ship was a full hundred yards from the shore, and there was neither a pier nor a lighter, the landing had to be effected by swimming. A few white men first jumped into the water, and struck out for land; then came the negroes, one after the other, until a black line showed itself from ship to shore; and in a little while they all stood upon the firm earth, their skins shining like ebony, and their woolly heads dripping water like a sponge. Although every one of these Africans arrived in America as destitute of clothing as when they first saw the light in their native land, yet their nakedness did not offend the modesty of the Cotton girls in the least. They looked at them as if they were so many horses or other cattle, and occasionally called Mr. Bacon's attention to the physical superiority of one over the other. The negroes at first stood as still as do well-disciplined soldiers, waiting for the order to move, which was not given until a considerable number of white people collected on the strand. Then they were told to play, and immediately began to disport themselves in every conceivable form of bodily movement. Leaping over each other's heads; running up and down trees like so many squirrels; turning summersets in the air; throwing rocks of great weight, and carrying vast burdens upon their shoulders, were a few of the exhibitions given of their strength and agility. In a little while the buying and selling began. The medium of exchange was pounds of tobacco instead of pounds sterling, and in no instance did a higher price obtain than a thousand of the former for a young man, and five hundred for a young woman.

"The men used to buy wives in the same way, Mr. Bacon. It was a thousand pounds of tobacco for a pretty girl, and cheaper as she had less beauty. But the young men have got to be too stingy. They would rather marry an Indian, and buy a nigger with the tobacco. They make

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a profit by it," said Mary Cotton, as they walked from the mart to the only church in the town, which Mr. Bacon found to be a very plain structure of brick, with a high tower, and an entrance through an arched door-way. Inside there was nothing to be seen save a set of stiff-back pews, and a pulpit perched half-way to the ceiling. As there were no mural monuments, no organ or other instrument of music, and not a bell in the tower, they did not tarry long in the building, but sought better entertainment in the surrounding space, where slept the dead of the infant colony. The enclosure embraced perhaps three acres of ground, and was so dotted with graves as to argue ill for the healthfulness of the climate. In sixty years or so more people were to be found in sepulchres than in houses.

"A good many of them though are niggers and Indians. You can tell by the names that they were not white people. Just look at this one, Mr. Bacon," said Mary, pointing to a rough stone on which was carved some words so rudely as to defy his power of spelling or pronouncing.

"I'll read it for you," continued the girl: "*Hic jacet* means here lies, and then Opopuchanquetet means new moon. Why couldn't they just call her new moon, and be done with it? She was an Indian, and married a white man named Robinson, who wouldn't put his name on the tombstone for fear the marrying of squaws might go out of fashion, and then he would be ashamed of what he had done. As it stands now he can deny it all."

"Show me the oldest tombs in the yard?"

"Then come this way, Mr. Bacon. These are the graves of the men who came over with Captain Smith, and died right here. The rain makes the stone scale off, and the writing is hard to read. This one is to John Preston, who came from Scotland; and this one is to Edmund Bowyer, who came from England. Their kin-people are living in Virginia now, but not in this town. They all live on plantations," said Mary.

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"Did any of them marry Indians?"

"Not one, Mr. Bacon. They all married white people, and they all own niggers. One of the Bowyers married a Cotton, and is kin to us," said Emma.

"Does he belong to this church?"

"No, Mr. Bacon. He is a Puritan. His wife changed his religion for him. But we must be going. Don't you hear the dinner-horn?"

"I hear a noise, Emma; but I think it is Doctor Grindon blowing his nose."

"No, Mr. Bacon; it is Sambo on the horn. Don't you hear him turn the tune on A sharp? The Doctor always turns on B flat," said Emma Cotton.

CHAPTER IV.

It is well known that the George Monk, who married the daughter of Cromwell, and held the rank of Major-General in his army, was chiefly instrumental in restoring Charles II to the throne, in order to avert a civil war, which he thought inevitable if the government of England remained much longer in the feeble hands of Richard, the son of the Protector. Charles rewarded Monk for these services by making him Duke of Albermarle, and granting him the territory now known as the State of North Carolina. But it may not be so well known that the Duke invited John Locke to write a constitution for his proprietory government, which the philosopher did in fifty minutes, or that the Duke sent a man named Drummond to America as the chief magistrate of his colony. This constitution is considered, even to this day, an excellent piece of political writing, and answered the purpose for which it was designed for more than a hundred years. It divided North Carolina into a number of counties, and

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gave each a representative in a legislature which consisted only in a House of Commons. As the delegates to this assembly were chosen by voters who were personally acquainted with them, the farmers were always in the majority; and there being no senators elected by several counties thrown into one district, good speaking availed but little to advance a man's political fortunes. This constitution likewise put the government of the several counties into the hands of a board of landgraves, who were elected by the Commons, commissioned by the Governor, and held office during life or good behavior. It also allowed seven jurymen to give a verdict, with a view to lessen the costs and vexations of repeated trials.

Notwithstanding Monk's professions of loyalty to Charles as King, and Laud as primate of England, any one may be excused for thinking that the religion of the Puritan for which he had fought, and into which he had married, still kept a warm place in his heart; and that in selecting a governor for his colony, he picked out one whose thoughts and emotions were in accord with his own. This conjecture is strengthened by our knowledge of the personal appearance, the dress, and the deportment of Drummond. He was long and lank, cropped his hair short and round, was fond of long prayers, and only attended the Church of England as a concession to the law. He lived more in Jamestown than in North Carolina, as did likewise a man named Lawrence, who acted as his Secretary of State. They had houses of their own, as well as wives and children, and although Governor Berkeley did not approve either of them, yet so small was the community as to frequently induce him to waive political and religious antagonisms in order to promote social enjoyments.

As Mr. Bacon was a man of note, the Governor of Virginia determined to pay him the compliment of a state dinner, and when he arrived at the mansion he made the acquaintance, not only of Drummond and Lawrence, but also of

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Lady Berkeley and her children. Mr. Bacon, being young and ardent, was more interested in Fanny Berkeley's charms of person and mind than in the Governor of North Carolina, who carried John Locke's constitution in his pocket, and repeatedly read clauses thereof, in order to convince Governor Berkley of its superiority to the organic law of Virginia.

"The objection to Locke's constitution is its failure to make any provision for the maintenance of religion. No government can prosper unless it is based upon morality, and there can be no real morality unless it is confirmed by a church. Considering the religious character of John Locke, it is unaccountable how he happened to leave out a provision of this kind," said the Governor of Virginia.

"The mind is free, and it loves to exercise its freedom. When a restraint is put upon it a violence is done to nature, and a tyranny set up which it has a right to resist," said the Governor of North Carolina.

"True enough, but you forget that the mind, though free, must have a regulator within itself, which ought to limit the exercise of its reason. That regulator is the church and the crown," continued Berkeley.

"I take you to mean the rule of reason, and remind you that if a particular notion happens to rule your mind it is no reason why it should rule mine. Because that favorite idea controls the conduct of one set of men, is no reason why it should control other men who fail to perceive its wisdom," said Drummond.

"Religion is at best nothing but nature made plain to the minds of men, and both are constantly changing forms, and one thing exists by the destruction of another," said Mr. Lawrence.

"It was just such notions as these which led to the civil war in England, and if encouraged, will lead to one in Virginia. We all know how deplorable those times were. At first the Dissenters only proposed to take from the king the

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power of the sword; but as soon as they succeeded, he lost all power in reality, and the government became a democracy, and the king would have proved himself a coward by submitting to it. He had to fight, and we know the result—a short-lived commonwealth to be followed by the despotism of Cromwell," said the Governor of Virginia.

"Suppose an avowed Popish king should get on the throne of England, would you and your clergy give in your adhesion to passive obedience and non-resistance?" Lawrence asked; and as Berkley hesitated, he continued, "if you did, you would deliver up your religion to Rome; if you did not, your practice would confute your doctrine."

"The most grievous misfortune that can befall a man of virtue is to find himself in such a situation that his conscience can seldom approve his conduct," added Drummond.

"This question of conscience is open to debate. I understand conscience to mean intellectual prudence; and as the most prudent line of conduct is not easily discovered by many men, the best teacher they can have is an acknowledged and obeyed church. Men may err, but the church cannot," replied Berkeley.

"A man may make a mistake of judgment, but he cannot do wrong by declaring an opinion which he honestly thinks to be true, and which he has formed after a full discussion and a calm consideration of the subject," said Drummond.

"And then, my Lord, you must recollect that the church you follow is only an aggregation of men, and as liable to err as any other council," added Lawrence.

"I am at a loss to see how a church can err that was established by Jesus Christ, and has constantly been governed by his precepts and example," said Berkeley.

"The Church of England, then, claims a greater antiquity than the church of Rome?"

"They had a common birth, and were one until the schism of the last century. You know how it all happened. Henry VIII sided with the Lutherans in order to put himself in a

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condition to do as much marrying as he felt inclined to, and to gratify his pride by having no division of power in his dominion. He desired many wives, and absolute authority," said Berkeley.

"We, then, are to understand you as admitting that the only difference between the two Churches consists in one having its head in Rome, and the other in England?"

"What I mean is this: the Bible is the source of our theology, and the two Churches are only particularizations of it—one and two at the same time. The water that now flows in the James river may not be composed of the same drops that were in it when John Smith laid the foundation of this town, yet we all call it the same river he looked upon and named. If I individualize some of this water by filling a cup with it, then that cupful is distinguished from all the other watery bulk; it is James river water, but not James river. If I throw back this cupful of water to from whence it came, then the cupful, which for awhile had an individuality, immediately loses its separate existence and becomes one and the same with the other main supply of water. If I fill the cup again and again, it is always the same cupful of water I at first had, although composed of different drops," said Berkeley.

"A very good illustration, my Lord, and one that will answer the purpose of all Protestants. If Bishop Cranmer had a right to dip a cupful of theology out of the Bible to slake the thirst of Henry VIII, why had not Calamy, Knox, and others the same right to dip for Oliver Cromwell?"

"Because in dipping they muddied the stream. Cranmer's theology only differed from the Church of Rome in allowing the priests to marry wives, and the king to be the head of the Church in his own dominions. The Puritans, though, sought to change everything that could be changed. They tell us that the elements of the Lord's Supper are simply bread and wine, such as we eat and drink every day in our own houses, although Christ distinctly declared them to be

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His own body and blood. If He meant symbols, why did He not use that or an equivalent word?"

"Because He knew that our senses would tell us what they were, and that He could not be on earth and in heaven at the same time," answered Lawrence.

"Do our senses explain to us the mystery of the Trinity? How can you mathematically or logically prove that three and one are the same? Why, then, reject transubstantiation, because it is a mystery, and then accept the Trinity, equally if not more mysterious?" said Governor Berkeley.

CHAPTER V.

"DID you fall in love with Lady Fanny?" Emma Cotton asked Mr. Bacon, as soon as an opportunity offered.

"I hardly had time. The gentlemen went deep into politics and religion, and so often drew my attention from Lady Fanny as not to permit me to make more than surface observations," he replied.

"And those are enough to fall in love. The less a man knows of a girl the more he likes her. Love at first sight is the strongest. This is the reason some men fall in love with the Indian girls—they don't know them"—she continued.

"Love is often a mere emotion; and then it is a conviction. I doubt whether any man could fall in love with Lady Fanny before becoming very well acquainted with her."

"I think so too, Mr. Bacon. Lady Fanny is pretty and sweet; but somehow she don't draw you to her all at once. I think she is most too white—she looks like snow—pretty and cold, both."

"She is a blonde, just like I am."

"I didn't mean to say, Mr. Bacon, that you have a cold look. Just the other way; you have a warm look out of

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your eyes, and don't shut your lips tight together. Then you have more red in your face, and your eyebrows and lashes are dark enough."

"There is a good deal of the woman in you, Emma, although you are only twelve years old. If you grow in wit and beauty, you will make more noise in this town when you are sixteen than either Sambo on his horn, or Doctor Grindon on his nose."

"People all say I look like my mother, and I can see that she is pretty, although she is more than thirty years old."

"No great age. She is only four years older than I am."

"If mother was a widow you would be more apt to fall in love with her than with Lady Fanny."

"We must not imagine your father's death. I'd rather wait four years for you."

"If you want to marry me, Mr. Bacon, I'll promise right now."

"I won't let you do so. You might do yourself an injustice. In four years you will see a great many other young men, and one of them may please you more than I do. Another thing is, I have great doubts of good luck in this country."

"If the Indians don't kill you, and Doctor Grindon don't give you too much medicine, it will be a hundred years before you die."

"I never heard of any one living to so great an age; did you?"

"Yes, Mr. Bacon. Opechancanough lived to be more than a hundred. When the Governor whipped him and brought him to this town, the Indian chief was so old that he couldn't lift his eyelids. When he wanted to see, some body had to lift them with their fingers. It was just like opening a window to see out. The Governor thought he would send him to England to let the people over there see how long a body can live in Virginia; but the Indian was

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shot in the back by one of the soldiers whose business it was to guard him."

"Was he any kin to the girl whose tomb you showed me, and called New Moon?"

"Her grandfather. Her name and his sound something alike, but have very different meanings—New Moon for one, and Red Sun for the other."

"From whom did you get your information?"

"From Doctor Grindon."

"Then let us go to his house and talk with him on the subject," said Mr. Bacon.

They found the Doctor and his wife at home, sitting on opposite sides of the room, and, apparently, silently contemplating each other's ugliness. The Doctor was warm enough in his reception of the visitors; but Mrs. Grindon looked askant at Emma Cotton, although she was wearing as demure a face as ever a little girl wore in the presence of a comically-ugly old woman. Mr. Bacon, observing this, sought to divert her attention from the child by asking the Doctor to tell his recollections of the massacre of Opechancanough, a narrative he readily gave, and one which would have been more entertaining if Mrs. Grindon had abstained from interruptions and corrections.

To illustrate, it proceeded somewhat in this style:

"There had been a truce of four years between the Indians and the whites." ("Six years of truce," said Mrs. Grindon.)

The Doctor then proceeded:

"And we began to think the friendship would last forever. But it so happened, in the year 1635" ("It was the year 1639," said Mrs. Grindon), "a white man while hunting shot an Indian, thinking him a bear. The Governor made explanations and apologies, and the chiefs all seemed to be pacified. They traded with us; would come to our house and eat and sleep on the most friendly terms. The king of the Mataponies" ("The Pamunkies, you mean") "and the Nacotchtanks" ("The Rechahecrians, you mean")

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"combined and fell upon the whites, with the result of slaughtering five hundred persons." ("There were six hundred and twenty-five killed," said Mrs. Grindon.)

"Why not let the Doctor tell his story in his own way, and you then tell it in your way?" Emma asked.

"And what have you to do with it, you little wench?" retorted Mrs. Grindon.

"Mr. Bacon wants to hear it, and I brought him here for that purpose."

"You are in love with Mr. Bacon, are you? Just like a pert little minx. She falls in love with every good-looking young man she meets, Mr. Bacon. I never knew such a forward child in my life. You had better make Mr. Bacon an offer of marriage, and see what he will say."

"I have promised to marry him, if he wants to marry me," replied Emma, with so much coolness as to put Mrs. Grindon somewhat out of countenance; which Emma observing, led her to tell the old woman she never had seen her look so pretty.

"This is revolting! I never knew anything like it! So young and so wicked! If you, Mr. Bacon, were to marry Emma Cotton, she would quarrel you to death," said Mrs. Grindon.

"If a quarrelsome wife could shorten a man's life, Doctor Grindon would have died a long time ago," replied Emma.

"I can't stand this impudence! Get out of my house, you little baggage!" cried the old woman, making a movement to help the exit of the child.

Emma, exhibiting signs of alarm, jumped up, made a few steps towards the door, and then suddenly sank upon the floor, crying and rubbing her legs.

"Mr. Bacon hurried to her assistance, and upon asking the cause of her suffering received the reply: "Mrs. Grindon is a witch. She has tricked me like she did once before. I can't stand on my feet. My legs ache like they were tied in a knot."

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Mr. Bacon took the child in his arms, then sat down, placed her upon his knees, and at her own instance, rubbed her legs with his hands. Emma threw her arms around his neck, and rested her head on his shoulder. There was something so confiding in her innocent face, and something so pleasing in her affectionate manner as to induce Mr. Bacon to kiss her, and as soon as he did so, Mrs. Grindon cried out: "That is what she wants. There is nothing the matter with her. She was just scheming and contriving to make you caress her. I have known other girls like her, and no good ever came out of any of them."

"Still Mr. Bacon thought the girl suffered either a real or an imaginary pain, and continued his manipulations, both from a feeling of sympathy and a certain pleasure incident to the fondling of a pretty girl who was old enough to excite desire in him, without, perhaps, being conscious of any voluptuous emotion in her own heart.

"Hug her a little tighter, and kiss her again. She is like a cat; the more you stroke her the happier she feels," suggested Mrs. Grindon; but before Mr. Bacon had time to follow the prescription, Emma fell into a semi-sleep, and breathed stentoriously. Now fully alarmed for the safety of the child, Mr. Bacon requested Doctor Grindon to come forward and use his professional skill.

Instead of doing as Mr. Bacon desired, the Doctor contented himself by sounding an unusually loud note on his nose, which not only aroused the girl from her stupor, but caused her to disengage herself from the embrace of her friend, to stand firmly upon her feet, and to cry out: "The same old tune—B flat; it would awake the Seven Sleepers."

Mr. Bacon, very glad to have so pleasant a termination of an adventure, which a few moments before had excited a sense of anxiety, and dreading a repetition of the same, proposed to Emma a return to the house of her father.

"My legs are all right now; but they did hurt dreadfully. Mrs. Grindon is a witch; she tied knots in my legs."

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"You would be willing to have the knots tied every day, if you could get a young man to rub them out with his hands," said the old woman.

To escape another onset between the two, Mr. Bacon took hold of Emma's arm and led her from the room, a proceeding she very gently submitted to until they reached the door, when Emma looked over her shoulder, and shouted back: "Mrs. Grindon, you are the fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. But you are the Witch of Jamestown, for all that, and the people will put you to death before long."

CHAPTER VI.

GOVERNOR BERKELEY owned a plantation some seven or eight miles from Jamestown, where his sons constantly resided, and to which he and the ladies of his family occasionally resorted. One of these visits being about to be made, the Governor's party gave Mr. Bacon an invitation to accompany them, and he accordingly made arrangements for setting out the next day. In taking leave of his friends at the tavern, Mr. Bacon observed a great difference in the manner of the little Cotton girls when they told him good-bye. Mary bid him adieu without any exhibition of emotion whatsoever; but Emma held his hand in both of hers much longer than was necessary, and when she released it, turned away her face as if she sought to hide a tear. The little girl had before this made an impression on the heart of the young man, although he was not willing to admit, even to himself, that his love for her partook in any degree of the affection which seeks a gratification of the senses or a sentiment. This may have been owing to the tender years of the child, or to her unsophisticated character, or to his English pride of rank and station. He had come to Vir-

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ginia to advance his fortunes, and it would be a poor beginning to marry a tavern-keeper's daughter, and a poorer ending to requite a girl's love in any other than an honorable way.

Thoughts like these led him to the conclusion that the sooner he bought land and slaves, and began a plantation life, the better for them both. An absence of a month or so he felt sure would cause Emma to forget him, and he knew that his self-control would in much less time drive all sentimental nonsense out of his head. He was strengthened in this conviction when he joined the Governor's party, and bowed to the stately Lady Fanny. In a little while the cavalcade set out with the two ladies in a clumsy coach drawn by four horses, while he and the Governor rode on horseback, affording him an excellent opportunity to observe the country, and to ascertain the value of land and chattels.

The ground upon which Jamestown sat, although now an island, was at that time attached to the north shore of James river by a neck or isthmus not more than fifty yards wide and something like three hundred yards long. The land surrounding the village, independent of the isthmus, constituted an area of several thousand acres, and having more length than breadth, it then looked like an island connected with the main land by a causeway.

"This is the reason Smith selected it for his settlement. He had only the Indians to fear; and a few men can hold this narrow neck in the face of any force they can bring out. To take Jamestown, a ship of war would be necessary," replied the Governor, to a remark of Mr. Bacon.

"It is a good military position; but a cannon in this place would command the town," said Mr. Bacon, when midway the isthmus.

"The Indians have no great guns and no powder, except what they get from us."

"And your supply comes from England?"

"Yes. We will have to depend upon England until we

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discover sulphur in this country. There is an abundance of it in the mountains; but we have no way of getting it down here. Traces of sulphur have been discovered near the falls of James river, and I am anxious to settle that part of the colony as rapidly as possible. You can't do better than buy a plantation in that section."

"It would put me far away from the other plantations."

"The farther the better. The great point is to give your slaves no facilities for visiting. If you do, they will wear themselves out traveling through the neighborhood in the night, and unfit themselves for work in the day. If you are far from other plantations, they will stay at home and sleep as they ought to do."

"Is there not some danger of Indians falling upon these solitary settlements and killing the people?"

"None whatever. An Indian has nothing but animal courage. He never fights unless he is in a rage, or has every advantage of his adversary. One woman with a gun will drive away a hundred Indians. All you have to do is to keep a few guns, and let them know it, and they will fear you. Negroes are more afraid of Indians than are the whites, and will fight them for you with the greatest energy. I think a negro better than an Indian. The negro is faithful, and can be made industrious; the Indian is treacherous, and no training can learn him how to work. In all my experience with the Indians, I never knew them to give a fair fight nor to face danger like a brave man. They will creep up on a man and cut his throat, and then run from a woman."

"I have heard of the great fortitude with which they meet death."

"It comes from stupidity. An Indian, when his end is nigh, is like a convict on the gallows. One hasn't sense enough to appreciate his situation; the other is stupefied by the presence of death. I witnessed a witch-burning in Massachusetts some years ago. The victim was a very respectable old woman, named Mrs. Nourse. I did all I could

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to save her, and would have succeeded if it had not been for the preachers, who had proved the existence of witches from the Bible, and thought Mrs. Nourse one because she did not promptly pay her church subscriptions. To put themselves right with the people, these preachers induced the old woman to confess herself a witch under a promise of pardon; but as soon as she confessed, they used it as an argument for putting her to death. She died with as much courage as was ever shown by mortal."

"I suppose, Governor, you have no belief in witches and ghosts?"

"Of course not. They are merely terms used to express ignorance. Many of the phenomena of nature were no better understood in old times than they are now. Some people, in all ages, discover greater powers than others, and, being at a loss to explain it, they are called witches, and will be called by another name as science advances. An orator and a poet astonish us by the spring of their imagination and the opulence of their language. We might as well call them witches as to call old women, who can make girls think themselves sick when they are perfectly well, or tables to move when we think they are standing still. The great misfortune of the times is the Bible in English. The Lord never designed it to be in any other language than the Latin or Greek; and his object was to shut it to the ignorant, and leave its exposition to the Church. We now have all kinds of ignoramuses expounding the book. Can you imagine anything more senseless than a man who does not know the difference between a Greek conjunction and preposition setting himself up as a teacher of other people? Yet we have these kind of men right here in the Colony of Virginia.

"But they have not brought in the doctrine of witchcraft?"

"Yes they have. All the Puritans believe in it; and if it were not for my authority, they would have burned Mrs. Grindon at the stake before this day. The old woman rails

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at my religion, without stopping to think that she is indebted to it for her safety."

"I know her and the Doctor; and must say I marvel how they manage to live together."

"The Doctor is afraid of his wife. He is about half Puritan, and is as much under their influence as under the influence of the Church. He is not ready to admit it, b[illegible] he really thinks Mrs. Grindon possesses supernatural pow[illegible]eat, and can send him to hell if she wishes to do so."

"There are doubts getting into some minds now as to [illegible]ame [illegible]t or existence of a hell and the immortality of the soul."

"It is all owing to the rise of Puritanism and the havi[illegible]ere of the Bible in English. Before the schism of the last ce[illegible]re-tury there were few infidels in the Christian world; no[illegible]nd they are numerous. The philosopher depends upon reason[illegible]nd and does not believe enough. The Puritan depends upon the text of the book, and believes too much, because he does not understand the testimony. How would it do to let every man interpret the law of Virginia for himself? It would result in anarchy and confusion. So it is with the Puritans; they claim a right to construe the Scriptures according to their own understanding, with the result of frequently doing their fellow-creatures the most barbarous injustice. There is as much need for an acknowledged and obeyed Church as there is for a House of Burgesses to make laws, and a number of judges to enforce those enactments."

"The infidels in England have taken the position that if such an absurdity as witchcraft can be proved by Bible testimony, it invalidates the whole book."

"They have a right to take that view of the subject, and I hope their arguments will reach this country and have a wholesome effect on the minds of the Puritans."

"But not as to the mortality of the soul?"

"From a mere statement of the case, the argument must fail. Whatever has no beginning cannot by any possibility have an end. God made our souls, and He only could de-

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stroy them; and He has promised not to do so. Man can make way with everything else, and he often finds pleasure in a destruction of life and property. There is really nothing strictly immortal except our souls; and the reason is because they partake of the Divine essence. As God cannot destroy Himself, of course He cannot destroy emanations from Himself. Our sojourn in this world is the mere inputi cy of our nature, and every man has an instinctive knowwas ge of it, which he shows in a desire to perpetuate his me and to be illustrious in his grave, as you have no gh ubt often observed when in Westminster Abbey."

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CHAPTER VII.

GREEN SPRING, the plantation of Governor Berkeley, was an estate of ten thousand acres; but only a few thousand had been brought under cultivation. The balance was covered with a dense forest. The mansion was approached by a road cut through a mile of these trees, and, when reached, found to be a large wooden structure, rather low-roofed, and surrounded by a piazza. A large lawn spread in front of this house, and on its flanks extended rows of small buildings designed for the habitation of the slaves and the shelter of horses and cattle. In the rear of all these houses were two gardens—the nearest devoted to the cultivation of flowers, and the most distant to the raising of fruits and vegetables. The spring of water, from which the place took its name, was in the middle of the garden of Flora, bordered by the perennial peppermint, and sheltered by a white canopy, on the top of which stood a statue of the goddess, wreathed in smiles and flowers. This curtilage embraced, perhaps, as many as fifty acres, and having the wilderness all around, made an impression of dignified retirement and sweet repose,

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excelling any Mr. Bacon had ever seen in England or elsewhere. The swarm of jet-black negroes, often more obstructing the way than rendering needed assistance; the great array of fire-arms in the hall, adapted either to the killing of game or the discipline of the Indians; the handsome horses grazing on the lawn, and the beautiful women and the warrior-looking men, made Mr. Bacon feel as if he were in a baronial castle of the middle ages, where he might eat, drink, make love, and follow the chase until the enemy came in view and gave him a chance to win glory in the fight or to die upon the battle-field.

The Governor's two sons, named Giles and Conset, were tall, handsome, chivalrous-looking young fellows—one resembling the Governor and Lady Fanny in blondness, and the other resembling his mother in the darkness of eyes and hair, which, when seen in English people, is apt to be ascribed to an old-time admixture of Roman blood—not yet, and maybe never to be, eliminated.

Other guests soon arrived at Green Spring—among them Mr. Ingram, a Scotchman, who came to Virginia lank of limb and low-down in purse, to become in a few years fat in figure and heavy in pocket by the simple process of marrying a rich widow who had no children. He was double the age of his wife, and no one could see in what his charms consisted, unless it happened to be in a jolly disposition and a voluble tongue. Butler's burlesque ode, called Hudibras, recently published in England, had fallen into the hands of Mr. Ingram, and delighted him as a new toy delights a child. He carried the book wherever he went, and whenever occasion offered read copious extracts therefrom, always exciting mirth in himself, but not so often in others. Governor Berkeley, while admitting the design of the work to be good enough, regretted the vagabond style of the writing; and while agreeing with Butler that in many respects the Puritan makes a worthy object of sport, yet differing with him when he represents the Puritan as destitute of good sense and stout courage.

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"For," said Berkeley, "he never shows cowardice; and it was the thinking him a coward that led to all the disasters of the civil war. The king and his cavaliers thought the Puritans could be whipped with corn-stalks; and while under this delusion, the Puritans gathered strength and organized armies too strong for the king to overcome. If the Puritans ever show a disposition to rebel in Virginia I will profit by the history of the past."

There is no more danger of a revolt in this colony than there is of an earthquake. Either might happen with all the advantages on the side of the earthquake. For what does Hudibras say? Here it is—listen:

> "'Our fears sometimes do execution
> Beyond the stoutest resolution;
> As earthquakes kill without a blow,
> And, only shaking, overthrow,'"

said Mr. Ingram.

"There never was and never will be a great political movement that had not or will not have its main-spring in a fear of something. The Puritans rebelled in England from fear of King Charles; and they may rise in Virginia from superstitious fear of me," said the Governor.

"The menace of the Indians is enough to keep the white people united. If we were to divide we would all be killed by the savages," argued Ingram.

"At the time of the Opechancanough Insurrection, I ran short of gunpowder, and applied to the Governor of Massachusetts for a supply. He not only refused the powder, but sent me an impertinent message, which I construed to mean that he thought the Indians more apt to be right than the cavaliers," replied Berkeley.

"He could not have so thought. His own experience with the Pequods tells him what Indians are. He could not spare the powder from his own defense," said Colonel Brent.

"More negroes than white people were killed in the revolt; and as soon as I restored tranquility, at least a thou-

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sand slaves were brought here to supply their places. If it had not been for several cargoes arriving from Africa about the same time, the Governor of Massachusetts would have made a round sum out of the massacre," continued Berkeley.

"I am very anxious to see something of the Indians before I settle a plantation. Could an arrangement be made to give me an opportunity to get among them?"

"Yes, Mr. Bacon. The Mannahoacs are now holding a sachem on the York at a distance of only eight miles from here. If you desire, we can ride over there to-morrow and witness their religious exercises," said Conset.

"You will see nothing more than a set of barbarians performing incantations and cruel exercises. Yet the ride across the country will be of benefit to you. All parts of the colony ought to be looked at before a man makes a selection of land," said the Governor.

"If Mr. Bacon wishes to settle in Virginia, I can save him a great deal of time and trouble. I own twenty thousand acres of land around and about the falls of the James, and own more slaves than I desire to work. I will let Mr. Bacon have as much of the one and as many of the other as he desires—the Governor to place a valuation upon both," said Colonel Brent, to have his offer approved by Berkeley.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE party that set out for the Indian encampment the next morning consisted of only six persons, all mounted upon the best of horses. Conset and Miss Brent rode in front, to be followed first by Mr. Bacon and Lady Fanny, and they by Mr. Walklett and Miss Bland. After getting through the forest surrounding Green Spring, they entered that part of the estate devoted to the various crops of the

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climate. As Mr. Bacon had never seen tobacco green and growing, a large field of a vegetation, which, in its use, offends the taste of all in the beginning, to become a passion in a little while, attracted the largest part of his attention. The soil being of great fertility and the plant diligently attended, the whole field of several hundred acres appeared as if covered with a green carpet, dotted in many places by flowers of a pink color, and by the black heads of nearly as many negroes, who bent their bodies in search of worms, which, if left alive, would soon destroy the entire crop.

"It is astonishing that the beams of this hot sun do not addle the brains of those bare-headed negroes," said Bacon.

"If they had any brains it would; but having none, the heat has the same effect upon their heads that it has upon the tobacco plants—it ripens both," replied Lady Fanny.

"I forgot that the negro belongs to the torrid zone, and loves the sun the hotter it shines."

"And lucky for him that he does. If Virginia was too hot and Massachusetts too cold, I know not what would become of the poor negro. The traders are not willing to let him stay in Africa, because he can be sold for money in America; and if this country did not suit him, there would be nothing else to do with him but sink him in the ocean."

"His only danger in Virginia is from the Indians, I've been told."

"They have a great animosity for him, which, I think, arises from a knowledge on their part of his superiority to them in many respects."

"In which respect is it most conspicuous?"

"The negro can sneeze, but the Indian cannot. You may laugh; yet it is a fact, and shows the frankness of the negro and the stealth of the Indian. Of course it is the result of training, and is learned for the purpose of creeping upon game and men without the probability of making any noise that might put them to flight or upon guard."

"It may be owing to the greater strength of the eyes."

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"No; the negro can see as well, if not better, than the Indian. It is impossible to learn an Indian girl how to sew finely, but negro girls learn rapidly. The bead-work of the Indians is very coarse, and is only admired because it is done by them. The same kind of work by white people would not be admired in the least. It would be thought very common, if not actually ugly."

"The Indian, I am told, has more manliness than the negro."

"It is so thought because he has less sensibility. A negro is very emotional. He weeps upon many occasions, while nothing but the toothache will bring tears from the eyes of the Indian. The great peculiarity of the aborigines is to be found in their ideas of love and marriage. White men are very fond of marrying squaws; but I never heard of an Indian man who had the slightest desire to marry a white woman."

"It seems to me to show a want of taste on the part of the men."

"I rather think it shows the possession of mere pride of race. They object to their girls marrying white men, and do all they can to prevent these matches. Powhatan wouldn't have permitted Pocahontas to marry Rolfe, if the girl had not been a prisoner in the hands of the English; and no solicitation could induce him to give his other daughter to Dale."

"Was Pocahontas well treated while a prisoner?"

"As well as a girl can be taken care of who is surrounded by a crowd of soldiers. She used to play *leap-frog* with them; and once while swimming in the river with the men came very near being drowned. A man named Gwymie saved her, and was given an island by Powhatan as a reward for his services."

"Which proves that the king had some sense of gratitude."

"Powhatan is called the King of Virginia, but the title

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and position does not give him any more claim to be admired than the same rank attaches to the King of Senegambia, from whom our traders buy so many negro slaves. I take gratitude, Mr. Bacon, to be an emotion belonging to refined and cultivated natures, and doubt whether it can be found in the heart of a savage. The romance of the Indian depends entirely upon the distance he is from you; once near him, it all disappears," said Lady Fanny, as they approached the encampment, which was situated on the banks of the York, and consisted of a good many arbors made by thatching a number of young trees with the boughs of others, and a few wigwams constructed by throwing the skins of wild animals over poles set in the ground after the manner of a soldier's tent.

Although there was an unceasing flow of fresh air from the broad river, and frequent exhalations of perfume from the yellow jessamine which wreathed the surrounding trees, yet the animal odor arising from a number of greasy and perspiring savages, of both sexes, polluted one and overpowered the other. Beyond the symmetry of their proportions and a certain solemnity of demeanor, Mr. Bacon could see nothing to admire in the Indians, and would have gladly retired from their presence, if Conset had not said: "You must see at least one of their ceremonies. They are now going to select boys to be brought up as preachers. Come this way."

They repaired to a spot free from every obstacle that could impede men engaged in a foot-race, and observed two open ranks of Indians with whips of stout hickory in their hands. These men stood far enough apart to make the gauntlet about to be run full two hundred yards long, and to give sufficient room for the use of the whips in the hands of the lashers. In a little while twenty boys, all under ten years of age, were brought forward, first to have their faces painted jet-black, and then each one to be assigned to an adult Indian, who wore nothing but a breech-cloth. These

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grown-up men took each one his boy before him, covered him with his body, and tried to run the gauntlet so rapidly and effectually as to protect the boy from the lashes of the whips, which were applied with all the energy of men naturally cruel, and now making cruelty a religious ceremony. If the runner carried his boy safely through, then that boy was declared worthy of the sacred office of the priesthood; but if the boy received a lash, then he was decided unfit for such a purpose. Out of the twenty candidates only seven succeeded. Some fell exhausted beneath the severity of the whip and the prodigious efforts made to escape its lash, and several were killed by pain or over-exertion. The successful boys and their protectors were then washed, anointed with oil, and worshipped as the children of the Great Spirit. Those who failed in the race were mourned with, and those who died were taken away for a pompous funeral, to be celebrated the next day.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Bacon?" Lady Fanny asked.

"It looks absurd enough; but I suppose the Indian religion, like every other religion, must be nourished in its infancy with blood and suffering. Our refined worship appears to them as inanimate as their barbarities appear cruel to us," he replied.

"If we had any hope of civilizing these people, efforts would be made to improve their religion. There is no use to try. The vices of civilization have more charms for them than its virtues. They call whiskey *fire-water*, and love it more than anything else we have made them acquainted with. In fact, whiskey and guns are the only evidences we can give them of our superiority. I somewhat incline to think the Rev. Mr. Copeland right when he said the only way to convert the Indians to Christianity is to cut the throats of all their priests and ancients."

"Was Mr. Copeland the first preacher in the colony?"

"Whitaker and Hunt were before him; but Copeland was

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the first to pay much attention to the salvation of the Indians; and you must admit that he took it to heart when you consider the energetic medicine he prescribed," said Lady Fanny, as they rode up to the Green Spring dismounting place, to be surrounded by a dozen slaves, when there were only duties for three to perform.

CHAPTER IX.

SOON after Mr. Bacon left Jamestown Emma Cotton began to complain of illness, and to display symptoms which excited the solicitude of her mother, who placed her in a bed, and appointed Mary Cotton to sit by her side and administer certain domestic remedies, and to call her back from her household duties if the situation of Emma did not rapidly improve. At first Emma expressed a feeling of distress in the region of the epigastrium, with an oppression about the chest, and then said she felt as if a ball was rolling up and down her person, starting at the feet, going up the back, turning over the head, and then returning to its starting point down the front of her body. Mary laughed at this statement, and as Emma began to work her jaws with a grinding motion, told her it sounded something like Doctor Grindon blowing his nose. This allusion to a constant source of mirth failed to have its usual effect. Emma, instead of laughing, began a series of jactitations, so violent as to make Mary think there was somebody in the bed jerking and tossing her about either for sport or in anger. To make sure, Mary pulled off the covering, and the moment she did so, Emma sprang from the bed with the agility of a cat, and began dancing and capering around the room, sometimes barking like a dog and then crowing like a cock.

Mary, now alarmed, called Mrs. Cotton to her assistance,

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and as soon as the mother entered the room, her presence, so far from soothing Emma, had the singular effect of inducing Mary to catch the disease from her sister, and to unite with her in gyrations and imitations of various kinds of birds and beasts. Sometimes they would bellow like cows, then neigh like horses, and anon they would strut like gobblers and waddle like ducks.

"It is witchcraft," exclaimed Mrs. Cotton, as she hurried for help, and soon returned with all the inhabitants of the house, to be rapidly reinforced by half the people of the village.

Although the girls were very young, and thought to be ill, yet they exerted so much physical strength as to require the best efforts of two stout women to put them in bed and hold them there until medical attention could be sought and secured. As all the men and women present united in the diagnosis of witchcraft, and as Mrs. Grindon was thought to be its only dispenser in Virginia, it was agreed all around that it would never do to call in her husband, as he might be infected himself, or too deeply interested in the fortunes of his wife to admit the existence of an effect which might lend its cause to her death.

Fortunately there was another practicing physician in Jamestown named Doctor Bray—a young man lately arrived from England, and possessed of a pretty wife, and the largest collection of books in the village, not even excepting the library of the Governor. When this disciple of Esculapius entered the room he first made them all aware of his importance by the dignity of his bearing and the solemnity of his looks, and then very leisurely began to examine the girls and to ask a multitude of questions.

The result of it all was a wise shaking of his head and a muttering of a few words in the Latin language.

These not being understood, an explanation was requested, which Doctor Bray gave in the following words:

"The girls are bewitched, and can only be cured upon the

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principle of like curing like. As soon as the witch who conjured these girls is punished the girls will get well."

The efficacy of this prescription showed itself immediately. Emma, who had fallen into a stupor, opened her eyes, and in loud, strong tones, cried: "It is old Mrs. Grindon—The Witch of Jamestown. This is the third time she has tricked me. She hates me because Mr. Bacon likes me. She will conjure him after she gets me dead, and make him think her young and pretty; and then kill the Doctor and marry Mr. Bacon. I feel a little better now; just the notion that some body is going to put the old hag out of the way does me good."

"So do I feel better. Let me get up," said Mary.

"No. The children must be kept in bed until the cure is perfected," said Doctor Bray, seizing his cane in the middle and waiving it aloft in a threatening manner.

There were two stout rough fellows present—one named Barlow and the other Carver. They had both served in the navy of Cromwell, and were with Admiral Penn when he took Jamaica from Spain and enabled the Protector to make that one addition to the British Empire.

Barlow was a cobler, and had displeased Mrs. Grindon with an ill-fitting pair of shoes. She scolded him, and received pert replies to her reprimands. Soon after the cow of Barlow sickened and died of a murrain. Carver's wife was a dress-maker, and had been charged by Mrs. Grindon with appropriating a yard of cloth and a hank of thread, which she had put in the hands of Mrs. Carver along with other material for the fabrication of a gown. This led to a hot debate between the two women—one contending that the cloth and thread were all used upon the work; the other that there was more than enough, and that the leavings ought to be returned to their true owner. They parted enemies, and three days later Mrs. Carver went to bed with a sickness, which Doctor Bray had not yet succeeded in curing, although he used the best remedies his numerous books

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suggested. She had taken enough cinnabar to salivate a horse, without her gums showing any susceptibility whatever, and Tela Aranca failed to break the periodicity of her intermittent fever.

Barlow had marveled why his cow came to so untimely an end; Carver why his wife suddenly sickened; and Bray why his medicine failed. It could all now be explained in one word—witchcraft; and all could be righted by one act—the death of the witch. Still, there were a few who demurred. Mr. Lawrence thought there ought to be a positive proof of guilt before the infliction of an irrevocable punishment; and Mr. Drummond argued that it would be treating Governor Berkeley with disrespect to do any violence while he was away from the town.

This debate might have resulted in milder measures, had not Emma Cotton been again seized with spasms and convulsions. They appeared aggravated this time. The girl arched her back, grew dark in the face, strained and heaved, with the final effect of throwing from her mouth a handful of crooked pins, which the spectators were led to believe came from the stomach of the afflicted girl. She then fell into a comatose condition, and Mary Cotton at once began a similar performance.

"If we don't go to work, the children will die like my cow."

"And so will my wife," Carver added to Barlow's remark.

"And there will be no more use to give medicine in this town, if Mrs. Grindon is allowed to say and decide whether it shall operate or not," remarked Doctor Bray.

"She wants her husband to get all the practice; that is the reason she won't let your medicine work as it ought," said Emma, again sufficiently strong to give Doctor Bray some valuable information, which he, like all wise men, patronized by saying the same thought had often been in his own mind.

Just at this moment a negro girl rushed into the room and

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cried out: "Good God Almighty! These witches are dreadful! Mrs. Ballard's Diana has just miscarried of a beautiful pair of bastard twins, and Mrs. Page's Minerva who married——"

"We have enough proof to hang forty witches, and here we stand hesitating about burning one. Every man who has any regard for his wife, children, niggers, aud cows, follow me, and I will see that the orders of the Lord Almighty are fulfilled. The Bible says we must not permit a witch to live."

"How, Barlow, do you know there are any witches?" Lawrence asked.

"Because the Book says so. Admiral Penn believed in them, and so did his son William, who settled Pennsylvania. They had them once very bad in England. I saw a lot of witches burned at Smithfield."

"And they had them worse in Massachusetts. I saw old Mrs. Nourse burned at the stake. She confessed herself a witch, and guilty of all the charges brought against her," said Mr. Cotton.

"If a man don't believe in witches he is a heathen. What is the use of God giving us his Word, if he don't mean what he says?" cried Barlow.

"Mrs. Grindon is at least entitled to a confrontment by her accuser and a chance of vindication."

"Let me tell you something, Mr. Lawrence. It is dangerous to befriend a witch. When Mrs. Nourse was on trial in Salem, a man named Williams tried to defend her. He said he knew her to be a very respectable woman, although she was old and ugly. This, so far from helping Mrs. Nourse, only caused Williams to be charged with complicity in her crimes, and they both went to their deaths at the same time," said Mr. Cotton.

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CHAPTER X.

DOCTOR and Mrs. Grindon were, as usual, sitting in their house, silently contemplating each other's ugliness, and drawing wise reflections therefrom, when their meditations were interrupted by the hasty entrance of Mr. Drummond, who informed them of the proceedings at the tavern of Mr. Cotton, and advised Mrs. Grindon to secrete herself before the anger of the people had an opportunity of doing her personal violence.

"They can't be such fools as to want to hurt me because Emma Cotton is in love with Mr. Bacon, and has fallen into a kind of green sickness," said the old woman.

"Emma is not the only accuser. Mrs. Carver, like Simon Peter's mother-in-law, lies sick of a fever, and Barlow's cow has died of a murrian."

"And, you may add, Mr. Drummond," cried the same black girl we have seen at the tavern, "Mrs. Ballard's Diana has lost her twins, and Mrs. Page's Minerva, who married Mr. Græme's Jupiter, can't have a baby to save her life. Everybody says it is witchcraft, and the quicker Mrs. Grindon gets out of this town the better for her. I am Mrs. Grindon's friend, and she is mine. I ain't afraid of her tricking me, but if she were a thousand miles away I could sleep better of a night."

Either the fascination of terror, which causes a bird to fly into the open mouth of a serpent, or a confidence of innocence, or a trust in her powers—one of these, no doubt—caused the old woman to decline taking the proffered advice, and to sit still and silent until she heard the tumult of the approaching mob in the street, and then to try to escape by leaving the house at the back door and hiding in the coppice of the garden.

Jamestown was, though, too small to afford an effectual concealment of this kind. Barlow and Carver knew the

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premises as well as did its owner, and a rapid search of the house was followed by a tracking of Mrs. Grindon to her hiding-place, from whence she was dragged by the two men into the presence of as large a crowd as the village could furnish. It was made up of all kinds of people—whites, blacks, red, and yellow; of rich and poor, free and bond; of Puritans, Cavaliers, and heathens. Yet among them all there was no one disposed to take the part of Mrs. Grindon, save Mr. Drummond, who, thinking himself Governor of North Carolina, thought he had a right to exert his authority in the absence of Governor Berkeley. He commenced a speech to this effect, to be soon silenced by Mr. Cotton, who told him he was no Governor at all—that North Carolina belonged to Virginia; that Monk's title was void in law; that Locke's Constitution would never answer a good purpose; and that Berkeley would have his territory, even if the hanging of Drummond should be necessary to its acquisition.

"These are questions for King Charles or his courts to decide. I know this to be a good constitution. It gives every accused person a trial by a jury of their peers, and allows seven votes to render a verdict. Why not try it in this case? The trial wouldn't consume an hour, with the certainty of a verdict," said Mr. Drummond, taking the Locke Constitution from his pocket and beginning to read the interesting clause, when he was again interrupted by Mr. Cotton, who said: "That wouldn't do at all. It shows the weakness of Locke's Constitution. Our law is the best. There must first be a court of inquiry, and then a court of accusation. Before we got through all those formalities Mrs. Grindon would bewitch the whole Colony."

"If my wife is capable of influencing people as you charge, why don't she now make you all desist and let her alone?" Doctor Grindon asked, after giving his nose a loud blowing.

"Because we are many and are all excited. Witchcraft is like opium—small doses stimulate—large doses are seda-

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tive," said Doctor Bray; and although no one understood the explanation, yet they all applauded.

Barlow then cried out: "If you have any doubts about the old woman being a witch, all you have to do is to throw her into the river. If she sinks and drowns, she is innocent; if she floats and lives, she is a witch; and all you can do is to burn her. I have seen the experiment tried several times in England, and it never failed. Admiral Penn believed in it, and so did his son William, who settled Pennsylvania."

"My cousin, Cotton Mather, invented the test; applied it a number of times, and always with satisfactory results. It was tried on Mrs. Nourse—she floated, and then confessed," said Cotton.

"Suppose she drowns. What then has she gained?"

"She will leave a good reputation behind."

Like all mobs, this one was impatient of debate, and eager for some kind of action. Mr. Drummond, aware of this, thought it wise to stop speaking, hoping that the pitiable spectacle of an old woman in deep water might have a sufficiently soothing effect on the angry passions of the people, to prevent them from going to still greater extremities.

As soon as he ceased the movement began. Mrs. Grindon was taken to a disagreeably-convenient river, and tossed in without any ceremonies whatever. Being fat and clothed in ample skirts, she floated like a log. A cry of delight went to the skies, while Carver and Barlow plunged into the water, and in a moment had the old woman on shore, sprinkling the ground with her wet garments, and looking much less frightened than she had looked before taking the involuntary bath.

All now satisfied of her guilt, there remained nothing to do but take her to the pile of dry pine wood, which some accommodating persons had already gathered together; and there not only dry her damp garments, but likewise reduce her to ashes. As she walked to this place of a fiery death, every spectator stood amazed at her coolness. Some at-

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tributed it to the chill of the water (they thought the prospect of a fire must be pleasant to her, as it is to all others who feel cold and chilly); others were of opinion that she had full confidence in those invisible inhabitants of the air, called witches, which she controlled, and who would come at her call and do her bidding. Indeed, some trembled for their own safety, so strangely does superstition work in a mind where it has found a lodgment! Here was one decrepit old woman, in the hands of many strong men, going to immediate death, and others as free as the air, and as healthy as Hygiea, fearing a direful injury in the few remaining moments of her life. It was this that hurried the proceedings so much. Mrs. Grindon could not be granted time to say her prayers, or to make any other statement or explanation, unless the one word *guilty* embraced all she had to say. This could not be drawn from her, and she was therefore tied to an iron crow-bar driven fast into the ground, and the dry pine faggots piled around her up to the armpits. Still she showed no terror, and her husband, as if animated by the same heroic spirit, or by a thought that he could replace her with a younger and better-looking wife, did nothing more than walk about blowing his nose with the energy of quieter times.

Everything being ready, as Barlow thought, he called for the torch, when it was discovered that they had all forgotten to bring this important and indispensable element of every burning, let it be a condemned witch or a damaging document.

Carver hurried to his own house for the fire-brand, and was handing it to Barlow when Mr. Bacon unexpectedly galloped up and shouted out: "Stop this witch-burning! It is foolish and cruel and barbarous!"

Whenever one man assumes authority over a mob, he is sure to be obeyed for a moment or two, either because the multitude are made conscious of their own criminality, or because they admire his courage and virtue. So it was upon

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this occasion. The noise of the crowd lulled, and a few persons on its outskirts stepped back as if about to retire.

Perhaps there would have been a general dissolution and dispersion, if Barlow, true to his rough training, had not boldly and derisively asked Mr. Bacon whether he was the King of England or the Pope of Rome.

"I am direct from Green Spring, with authority from Governor Berkeley to stop this witch-burning."

"Then go back and tell his Lordship to come in person and give his own orders," said Barlow, as he made a movement to apply the torch to the faggots, and caused Mrs. Grindon for the first time to scream with terror.

Mr. Bacon leaped from his horse, seized Barlow by the neck, snatched the burning brand from his grasp and threw it to a safe distance. Barlow bristled up like a bulldog, but one glance into the flushed face and the flashing eyes of Mr. Bacon turned him from all notions of combat.

With a smile and in apologetic tones, he remarked: "You look and talk like Admiral Penn. I will obey orders."

"Then release Mrs. Grindon."

In a little while the faggots were removed, the cords cut, and the old woman followed her husband homeward, as he made his nose sound like the crowing of a cock.

CHAPTER XI.

After some desultory conversation on the street, Mr. Bacon entered the tavern of Mr. Cotton, where he found Emma and Mary both perfectly well; and the first named delighted to see him.

"I must say, Emma, that it was very wicked in you to feign sickness in order to get Mrs. Grindon into trouble," he said.

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"I wasn't pretending, Mr. Bacon. I was sick, sure enough, and felt all kinds of pains in my body, and had all kinds of foolishness in my head. Mary caught the witchcraft from me, and couldn't keep from feeling and acting just like I did. As soon as I got well, she got well."

"What cured you so suddenly?"

"It must have been the thought that old Mrs. Grindon was dead. As soon as I heard that they had thrown her into the river I knew that she would either drown or the people would burn her to a crackling. The witchcraft then all left me, and as you are now here I'm not afraid of the old woman; for how could she, Mr. Bacon, be so mean as to harm me, when she owes her life to you?"

"From your statement, Emma, it is clear to me that the disease is all in the imagination. You thought yourself bewitched because you believe in witches. Brush all that nonsense out of your head, and neither Mrs. Grindon nor any other person can make you bark like a dog, and howl like a wolf."

"But she vomited a handful of pins, and I felt like doing the same, and would have done it if I could have got some pins," said Mary.

"Then some one must have supplied Emma with pins. I thought it very strange, how a girl could throw crooked pins from her stomach without some of them sticking in her throat like a fish-hook. Tell me, Emma, who gave you the pins."

"It was Mrs. Barlow; but you must tell nobody. She said we had a right to make the case as strong as it can be made against a witch; and then told me to pretend to throw up the pins. The strain I had to make turned my face black; and the people thought I was dead sure enough."

"Much as I thought. They assumed Mrs. Grindon to be a witch, and then manufactured evidence to convict her. I marvel how the old woman can be satisfied to live among the Puritans, who are all the time wanting to put her to

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death. Then it is strange why her own people should look upon her with so much disfavor."

"I can tell you, Mr. Bacon, how it is. Sometimes there is a rotten branch on a tree, and as it won't take itself away, it has to be cut off with an axe. As soon as it is gone the tree will flourish the more. So it is with the Church—the quicker it gets rid of a bad member the better."

"There were many Cavaliers in the crowd, who, as far as I could see, appeared to enjoy it."

"They did like it, Mr. Bacon, and the reason is, the Cavaliers want to see the Puritans make themselves as big fools as possible; that is what the Cavaliers call foolishness, but we know it is not."

"This accounts for the indifference of the company at Green Spring, when the messenger sent by Mr. Lawrence arrived and told us of the danger Mrs. Grindon was in. They all laughed at it; and none of them were willing to take the trouble of riding here to save the old woman, except myself.

"It was very good in you, Mr. Bacon, to come to her aid; but somehow I can't help thinking it would have been better if you had kept away. You didn't fall much in love with Lady Fanny Berkeley. If you had, you wouldn't have left her to pay attentions to Mrs. Grindon."

"You forget, Emma, that in coming to town I also had the pleasure of seeing you."

"I didn't forget it, Mr. Bacon; I only wanted to make you say so, and since you have said it, I will now tell you that I am glad you did come back and saved Mrs. Grindon's life."

"If you want to please me, Emma, all you have to do is to let the old woman alone."

"If she weren't so awfully ugly I would let her alone; but somehow whenever I meet her, I can't keep from laughing and saying something. This always makes her mad, and she looks at me with what we call the evil eye."

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"Another superstitious notion. No one can hurt you with their eyes."

"It tells, though, what is going on in the mind; and when a body wishes us evil, we dread its coming."

"Then the proper plan for you is to look aimable at her, and as soon as she discovers that you wish her well, she will return the compliment, and in a little while you will be good friends."

"My eyes are like my mothers—they are soft in expression, and can't look cross at any one. When mother gets mad, nobody would know it if she would just keep silent."

"For getting up either love or anger the tongue is always more powerful than the eyes. Blind people sometimes marry and sometimes fight."

"But we are not blind; we can see each other. What do you see, Mr. Bacon, when you look into my eyes?"

"I see a very pretty pair of black, liquid eyes, with a slight dash of the devil in them. What do you see in mine?"

"A likeness of myself—just like when I look in the mirror—the only difference being that in your eyes I look like a baby."

"When you look into Mrs. Grindon's eyes what do you see?"

"Doctor Grindon blowing his nose. But I forgot to tell you how the Doctor behaved when they were going to burn his wife. Instead of being distressed like anybody else would have been, he seemed not to care much how it turned out. After you set the old woman free, he made a variation on his nose—he turned the tune on C flat; it sounded like a dirge."

"Where were you, Emma, to see and hear so much?"

"I was at Mrs. Barlow's, looking out of the window. I had a fine view, and could hear everything the people said. When you jumped off the horse and laid hold of Barlow, his wife thought her husband would fight, but I knew he

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wouldn't. It would take a brave fellow, sure enough, to fight you, Mr. Bacon."

"Why do you think so? I am small in person, and have no more strength than is common. I can fence and box and shoot, but not with more skill than is possessed by a number of other men."

"You know how to look and talk so as to make other people obey you."

"After awhile you will begin to think me a witch or a wizzard."

"I wouldn't mind being bewitched by you."

"But other people might wish to put me to death, like you did Mrs. Grindon."

"If they did, you wouldn't let them. You would fight anybody—even Governor Berkeley."

"Then if I should want to marry Lady Fanny, and she proved willing and the Governor unwilling, do you think I would fight the Governor for his daughter?"

"But you didn't fall in love with her. You left Lady Fanny to come to Mrs. Grindon. Are you going back to Green Spring again?"

"I may never be there again. I have bought land and slaves from Colonel Brent, and in a day or two I go up the river to open my plantation near the falls. After I get the house built, and everything in order, I want you and Mary to make me a visit."

"It will be delightful! To be near you, and a hundred miles from Mrs. Grindon, is all I desire."

"To make these plans good it is necessary, Emma, for you to cease worrying Mrs. Grindon. She is not a witch, but she is a woman, and might tap you on the head with a stick or throw hot water in your face with very unpleasant results."

"Hot water in my face would be dreadful. If I lose my good looks I will have no right to expect you or any other man to love me. I never thought of this. She might spoil

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my face, sure enough. I will take your advice, Mr. Bacon, and keep clear out of her way. If you choose, you can tell her all this; and it will be a good plan to advise her to wear a veil when she walks in the street, or goes to church or anywhere else, for she is so awfully ugly, and the Doctor blows his nose so loud, as to make anybody feel like laughing when they see her or hear him," said Emma.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. GRINDON received Mr. Bacon without any effervescence of gratitude or any exuberance of friendship. She merely made him aware of her appreciation of what he had done for her, and expressed a hope that the time would never come when he would find himself brought to the same extremity of sorrow,

"For," she went on to say, "I thought I had entered the land of spirits, without knowing whether I was perfectly happy or totally insensible; whether I was an angel or a clod of dirt. Your approach brought me back to this life again, and when Barlow waived the torch over his head I felt its hot air in my face, and, for the first time after my seizure, I trembled with fear and cried aloud. After you released me, Mr. Bacon, I could see in your face something I had never seen there before—something that told me that you are greater than other men; that you have genius and courage of the highest order; and the thought then occurred to me, and I express it now, that I firmly believe in a brilliant future for you, and that you will live to wield as great a power in America as Cromwell wielded in England."

"I think, Mrs. Grindon, my good fortune will not go beyond receiving compliments from the ladies. Emma Cotton, like you, has made a flattering prophecy for me."

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"Emma is the only obstacle in your way. She is a wanton little wench—warm at twelve, and sure to be red-hot at fourteen. This climate brings the girls on too fast. They are much safer in Massachusetts, where the cold holds them back until they have sense enough to hide their desires. The short dresses these little misses wear here in Virginia calls the notice of the men too much to their feet and legs. I could see you took pleasure in rubbing Emma's limbs the day she professed to feel pains and charged me with having tied knots in them. As soon as she puts on long skirts her charms will all vanish. Emma in a long gown will look like a very ordinary girl, indeed."

"I understand you, Mrs. Grindon, to assert your innocence of having affected Emma in any way by the use of powers peculiar to yourself, and powers which some people call witchcraft."

"To be frank with you, Mr. Bacon, I must say that I do possess powers not granted to many other persons; but I have never yet exerted these powers, voluntarily, to the injury of any one; yet it is possible that a mere wish of mine may at times have had a practical operation. The day Emma complained in here of having knots in her legs she had vexed me, and I wished some one would switch her, and when you went to Green Spring, I wished your absence would make her grieve."

"As to Barlow's cow and Mrs. Carver's fever?"

"I did wish some accident would happen to Barlow, which would make him feel as sorry as his clumsy, ill-fitting shoes made me feel; and I wished no good to the dress-maker, after she stole a yard of my cloth and a hank of my thread."

"This is very singular, Mrs. Grindon. Are you willing to give me an exhibition of your powers?" You need not be afraid of my calling you a witch."

"As we are alone, I will gratify your curiosity. Observe the small table standing in the corner of the room. It is now still. I will wish it to move and it will do so."

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They both fixed their eyes on the table, and in a minute it turned entirely around, to the great astonishment of Mr. Bacon, who asked for an explanation.

"I no more understand it than you do. All I know is that I can do these things. Now, Mr. Bacon, write anything you choose on a piece of paper, and, without letting me see it, put it in the table drawer, and I will tell you what you wrote."

Mr. Bacon did as requested, and after ascertaining the drawer to be empty, put his paper in, and shut it securely.

Mrs. Grindon looked in his face, and said: "These are the lines you wrote on the paper:

> "'Severe the doom that length of days impose!
> To stand and see young men disport as beaux;
> Ah, had old age no other ills in store,
> Too well might man its dire approach deplore!'"

"You are right, to the very word. It is amazing! Those lines are a variation upon a Latin poet. Had you ever heard or read them?"

"No, Mr. Bacon, I never heard them repeated, and I can't read Latin. The idea they contain may be true, as far as it goes, but the great sorrow of old age does not depend so much upon a loss of capacity for sexual pleasure as upon a loss of the respect of young people, who often look at old people as they do at an object of disgust. The only thing that can give any consequence to an old person is the possession of wealth or power."

"Learning, experience, and moral worth always command respect."

"They do in some parts of the world, but not in Virginia, where we live a semi-savage kind of existence. Doctor Grindon is the only person in this town who can read Greek, and it is less to his advantage than a knowledge of the guttural sounds of the Indian tongue is to others. We are so young as to be without a history, and every man must have his

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own experience. Moral worth consists entirely in obeying the Church of England, which only differs from the Church of Rome in name."

"Still the Cavaliers save you from the superstitious fury of the Puritans. I marvel, Mrs. Grindon, how you can prefer a Church which charges you with being possessed of a devil in preference to a Church which exonerates you from the charge."

"Religion is paramount to all other considerations. Upon our faith we depend for our salvation. When we come to superstitions, we find them everywhere. Because I dress constantly in black, makes some people think me superstitious in regard to other colors. Let this be as it may, I believe in black and wear it, and I believe in Puritanism, let other people abuse it and me ever so much."

"I suppose your religion originated in education?"

"Yes; I was born and bred a Puritan. I grew up a pretty, sweet-tempered girl; and at twenty married the man of my choice. I gave birth to ten children, not one of whom lived to its eighth year. I became so accustomed to death and disaster as to forget how to weep. People called me callous, and this harsh judgment soured my temper. About this time I became fond of Mrs. Nourse, and spent much time in her company. She exhibited her wonderful power to me in moving tables without touching them and in reading writings without seeing them. By and by some girls fell out with her, because they thought she interfered with their projected marriages. They feigned illness, and charged Mrs. Nourse with having bewitched them. She was tried, condemned, and burned as a witch; and my fate would have been similar had it not been for you. After the death of Mrs. Nourse I discovered her powers in myself, and thought I had inherited them in some mysterious way. Doctor Grindon became alarmed for my safety, and bid me keep them concealed while we remained in Massachusetts. He thought it best to move to Virginia, where there were few believers

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in witchcraft, and the government in the hands of Cavaliers. He even hoped that a change of climate might deprive me of my peculiar possession. For awhile after our arrival in this colony I did lose the power, but after awhile it returned."

"In what do you think the power consists? Do you think there are agencies in the air which have the will and the strength to give your wishes a practical application."

"If so, I cannot see nor feel them. Old Increase Mather thought witches invisible inhabitants of the world, and capable of being controlled by certain persons, who he held responsible for their acts. He said they often tempted him to blaspheme the Lord while preaching, and his son Cotton—kin to Emma, recollect—said they often tempted him to salacious thoughts when in the company of pretty women."

"Easy to explain. Old Increase was a half-way atheist; and young Cotton a full-fledged voluptuary."

"No doubt you are right. Girls supposed to be bewitched were frequently cured by Cotton Mather, who took them to his own house for purposes of secret prayer and meditation. Several of these girls had babies, which the preacher excused by charging it to the acts of witches; and many persons believed them, without stopping to count the months between the secret prayers and the birth of the baby."

"It is all owing to cowardice, Mrs. Grindon. Get a set of men and women frightened at an imaginary danger, and they will become blind to everything else, and obedient to any one who professes to be able and is willing to protect them from the cause of their terror," said Mr. Bacon.

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT part of the Colony of Virginia selected by Mr. Bacon for his residence was then not far from the frontier, but has since become the seat of the capital of the State and the

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center of wealth and refinement. Mr. Bacon found his purchase to be not much more than an unbroken wilderness, in which game of many kinds abounded, and bordered by a river of wide extent and full of fishes. For seven miles or more this river went leaping and laughing over a very rocky bed, and then subsided into a calm and dignified water, deep enough to float the largest man-of-war in King Charles' navy. Modern improvement has greatly changed the topography of this locality. Hills have been leveled and rocks removed to enable man to live in more convenience and to travel with greater speed, but enough yet remains to give us of to-day an opportunity to fancy the charms of nature then spread before the fascinated eyes of the original settler.

Mr. Bacon's nearest neighbors consisted of a set of men who arrived not long before him. They were malingerers from the fleet of Carlo Zeno, a Venetian admiral, who, a few years previous, put into the port of Norfolk to repair his rigging and to refresh his larder. These men were given leave to go on shore to hunt and to recreate. They overstayed their time, and a favorable wind setting in, Zeno esteemed it of more value than the absentees, and set sail, leaving them to their fate. Ignorant of the language and destitute of means, their lot would have been like that of many other waifs cast upon the shores of Virginia, if they had not fallen into the hospitable hands of Colonel Brent, who not only saved them from being sold into slavery, but gave each one a parcel of land, with a view to populate his settlement.

These Italians had such names as Mozingo, Taliaferro, Bafziza, Bonnavita, Matheni, Cluverius, and others of kindred spelling and pronunciation. Some of them were good mechanics—they could work in wood and iron; and all of them were perfectly familiar with the manœuvering of ships and the conduct of naval warfare.

By the time Mr. Bacon made their acquaintance, they had not only opened their farms to tillage, but had learned enough

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English for ordinary conversation; and rejoiced in quasi Indian wives and half-breed children. They made themselves useful to Mr. Bacon by helping him to build houses, to construct furniture; and they interpreted for him whenever he had occasion to talk with an Indian.

Their favorite sport was in hunting the swans and the ducks—birds so wild and shy as to attach to their capture a sense of skill and victory not often found in the pursuit of the tamer and duller inhabitants of the woods and the waters. To bring these birds within range of the guns a dog was trained to play about at the edge of the water while the hunter kept himself hid behind a log or other convenient cover, taking care to have the wind blowing in a contrary direction from himself. Strange as it appears, yet this decoy invariably induced the swans to approach the dog, either from motives of curiosity or a desire to kill him; and when the flock came near enough, the hunter would fire with slaughtering effect. These Italians, trained in the canals of Venice, could swim like fish, and never failed to bring on shore the profits of the stratagem.

The capture of the deer likewise surprised and amazed Mr. Bacon. It was not necessary to use either dog or powder or lead. A few men would hide behind trees, while others sat in open places and sang one of the soft songs of Italy. The deer, attracted by the melody, would approach near and nearer to the source of the music, and when close to a tree behind which stood a man, he, by a sudden spring and a firm grasp, would make the unsuspecting animal his prisoner.

Modern geologists are of opinion that the site of Richmond is upon a sub-stratum of what appears to the naked eye to be simple white clay, but which the microscope proves to be infusoria, or the skeletons of quintillions of animalculæ, who lived in the sea when it covered the Continent of America, and sought this locality as their necropolis. These bones are composed chiefly of silex, and are so inconceivably small

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that one cubic inch of this infusorial earth contains many millions of things once moving and living creatures, although the most minute of all animals, so far as the eye of man can discover. Mr. Bacon, not so advanced in a knowledge of the earth as more modern geologists, thought these hills and metamorphic rocks the result of volcanic action; an opinion in which he was strengthened by finding a deposit of sulphur and a composition like lava. By reducing willow wood to charcoal, and making the rich soil give up its nitre by lixiviation, he made as good a gunpowder as could be bought in England or elsewhere. Flint rocks were abundant, and lead existed in several places.

For awhile Mr. Bacon gave his whole mind to the charms and opulence of nature; and when autumn came and ripened the leaves of the trees and hazed the atmosphere, he had spread before his eyes a picture which perhaps surprised and delighted him as much as did the first night when it showed to Adam in Eden the glories of a star-set firmament, which had been hid during the day by the light of a blazing sun. In regular course of time came winter—a season generally mild enough in Virginia, but often more wearisome and dispiriting, by reason of its mists and rains, than in the same solstice in more northern localities, with all of its snows and hyperborean blasts. Shut up in his house for whole days at a time, without congenial companions to converse with or fresh books to read, Mr. Bacon employed a large part of the time in meditating upon what he had seen, what he had heard, and the promise of the future. He thought of that ground-swell of society which took place in England when he was a child, and which swept out of its way the trappings of power and the laws of customs of centuries as if they were nought but so many cobwebs before the broom of an industrious house-maid; a revolution which brought Cromwell from his brewery to the throne of a king, and took men from between plow-handles and out of cobblers' stalls to be generals of armies and admirals of fleets. He thought of

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Ireton, who he had seen in his native village, first as a mechanic working for daily wages, and five years later a general of division and proprietor of confiscated estates worth ten thousand pounds a year.

Then he turned his thoughts to John Milton, whose handsome face he had seen and whose deep bass voice he had heard. John was, perhaps, after the death of Hampden, the only sincere Republican who followed the fortunes of Cromwell, and certainly the only one who failed to enrich himself out of the plunder of the Royalists. With Milton the glory of the movement was the promise it gave of religious freedom, and when this failed, he fell into blindness, despair, and poetry. Mr. Bacon took up "The Paradise Lost," and began to read at the second book. He noted the boldness of the language at the beginning, and how it rises higher and higher as it moves along, and after awhile bursts forth in the volume of an exultant song, and then gradually subsides, until it is lost like the wail of a distant multitude.

No man of genius ever failed to discover his gift, and in most instances it catches fire from the genius of another and burns with an equal vigor. It is the very essence of this order of mind to be impatient of stillness, or secondary position in life. The man of genius must be first or nothing. Obedience to others appears to him the part of a child, and the command of millions of people the province of his superiority in courage and in mind. It has been said that the man who lives in seclusion is apt to have the devil for a companion, and it is true, if the man is intellectual and the devil can be construed to mean his own ambition. It is this that causes many gifted young men to fall into a melancholy, and sometimes to lay violent hands on themselves. Opportunity is not theirs. They are mute Miltons or unarmed Cromwells. The fire in their hearts has no vent, and it burns on until it dries their blood or maddens their minds. Jesus, while he mixed and mingled with his people, appears not to have known how great he was, but when he sought

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the solitude of the mountain, the devil, as it is called, pointed to a crown and kingdom ready for him if he would fight therefor. And so with Mahomet. While a busy trader, thoughts of pomp and power never entered his head. But once a retired planter, his bold imagination had time to conceive and express a new religion, and he made his way to power by being still more a man than they that followed him.

What has been done may be done again, thought Mr. Bacon. It is the degree and not the kind of heroism that differs in different times and countries; for without a spirit of fearlessness and self-denial no man in any scene or season ever attained to be great. The only opportunity he could see here in Virginia was to befriend the Puritans, who labored under the great disability of having the government of the Colony in the hands of men adverse to their doctrines and their discipline, and who, by law, forbid their public preaching as detrimental to good morals and good manners. Mr. Bacon had no religion of his own whatsoever. His mind was open to all arguments, and early education and training had not made him fond of this or that way of thinking, because persuasions had been used to accomplish a certain end.

Somehow he more inclined to the Puritans he had met. They were always good to him; and Emma Cotton, either by reason of her piquancy or pertness, or pretty legs, had found a warm corner in his heart. His feelings for Mrs. Grindon were like those we have for a tree we have planted. It must be guarded, nourished, trimmed, and attended. He had saved the old woman's life, and desired her to live and enjoy her days. The story of her sorrows and the display of her powers moved his sympathies and excited his wonder. She had prophesied greatness for him, and he began to believe the oracle. Who is it that does not?" In this way dreams and forecastings do much for good or evil. They cause a man to go forward with more courage and confidence upon an enterprise of danger than he would if he had not this

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encouragement. If he succeeds, he attributes much to them; if he fails, he forgets it all, and is perhaps forgotten himself. Cromwell stumbled over a paper crown when engaged in boyhood's sport, and ever after thought it the presage of an imperial diadem. A cock crowed as Cæsar hesitated by the Rubicon, and its triumphant tones decided the fate of the Roman world. Millions of these kinds of omens present themselves to as many men, but never get far out of their own minds. They trust to the gods without thinking that the gods help those who help themselves. The conceits of the mind are mere visions; it is the tongue, the pen, or the sword that interprets these pictures and gives them a living existence. The spirit within us must be stirred, and when it grows warm and ready for action, then we may know that we have genius; and whatever man has done, so can we do, if we make the same exertion.

If Mr. Bacon had continued to live in refined England he would have been either a poet or an orator. He possessed the judgment, imagination, the sensibility, the taste, and that command of vigorous and appropriate language, essential for the powerful expression of thoughts and emotions, either felt or feigned. But in primitive Virginia there were none to write for and no press to print upon, and so restricted was its politics as to afford but little room for debate, and no opportunity at all for that kind of declamation which captivates by its elegance. There were, in fact, only two questions of public policy—one as to how the Indians could best be kept in subjection to the white people, and the other as to how the Puritan element could be most effectually forced to worship God according to the teachings of the Church of England.

There was a goodly number of these Dissenters in Mr. Bacon's county, and as soon as they discovered the strength of his mind, the firmness of his character, and his neutrality in religion, they tried to win him to their side, first by charms of private friendship and then by the compliment of asking

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him to stand as a candidate for the House of Burgesses. His opponent was a Mr. Duke, who accorded fully with the policy of Governor Berkeley for the regulation of public affairs, and the result of the election was the choosing of Mr. Bacon by a considerable majority.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Mr. Bacon arrived in Jamestown to attend the meeting of the Burgesses he was received with great cordiality by the Puritans, and with a certain coolness by the Cavaliers. He put up at Cotton's Tavern, and during the first day had not time to do much more than to receive the congratulations and return the compliments of every man and woman who thought it possible to get to heaven without passing through the gates of the Church of England and conforming to the discipline of Archbishop Laud.

Emma Cotton had grown a little in height, without any perceptible elongation of her skirts, and had picked up a little more knowledge of the world and its affairs, without any diminution of her assurance. The girl had not been troubled any more with diseases of hallucination, but still believed in sorcery, and still thought Mrs. Grindon to be the witch of the village, if not of the Colony. She attributed her exemption from all kinds of conjuring, first to the wholesome discipline dealt out to Mrs. Grindon; and second, to the old woman's regard for Mr. Bacon. Carver's wife had recovered from her fever, and Barlow had forgotten the death of his cow. Besides this, a Puritan preacher from Massachusetts had made a secret visit to Virginia, and, while at Jamestown, reconciled the conflict among his people regarding witches and ghosts by the good argument that as Pilatius and Caiaphas made friends to convict Jesus Christ

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put him to death, so they could afford to ignore these minor differences of opinion, with a view to securing the inestimable advantages of their religious liberty and a recognition of their right to worship God according to the teaching of their own consciences.

Like all politicians and pietists who have a hostile government to contend with and who feel no particular inclination for martyrdom, these Puritans felt their way cautiously, and as they perceived the elements of a leader in Mr. Bacon, and were aware of the fact that Emma Cotton interested him, they thought the girl could be used with safety to her and themselves in carrying out their plans and purposes, which were no other than to rebel against Governor Berkeley, and, with the help of their brethren in New England, to overthrow his government and set up one of their own in its stead. They well enough knew the dangers attending an enterprise of this pith and moment. Berkeley was much stronger than they in the Colony, and had the King of England at his back. He had an army and a navy, and a revenue, while they had not much more than their individual courage and conviction to rely upon. But they knew how easy it sometimes is for a stout heart and a brilliant intellect to overbalance these material advantages in time of war. It so happened in England a little time previous, and it might happen in Virginia. To accomplish their object the Puritans, including the father and mother of the girl, were not only willing to permit Emma an unrestricted association with Mr. Bacon, but encouraged her natural forwardness and trained her how to increase her personal charms and to insinuate ideas of love and ambition both into the mind of the young man.

It is a maxim, no less with the Puritan than with the Papist, that the end always justifies the means. It may be questioned by pedants and others, but a refutation depends upon a clear definition of the words called *good* and *evil*. In fact, political morality cannot well be defined except upon the principles of Macchiavelli. The welfare of society is para-

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mount to all other considerations, and one set of men have as good a right to decide the question as another. It sometimes happens that a man must be disloyal to the king or treasonable to his friends and his religion; and let him choose either side, there will be an abundance of enemies to point hard conclusions at him. Private morality is simple enough. We have a set of laws, universally acknowledged, which leave us in no sort of doubt. Right and wrong stand out in bold relief, and there is no excuse for any kind of uncertainty. But as soon as we get out into wider relations our guides begin to fail—they hesitate or contradict each other, or speak doubtingly.

Mr. Bacon found himself in a situation something like this: He was loyal to the King and to the Governor of Virginia, and yet he knew and felt that the Puritan population of the Colony were denied their natural rights. These Puritans were his friends; they had put him in office; and if, while in that office, he failed to stand by them, he proved himself unworthy of the trust and confidence they had reposed in him. To make the way still smoother and safer, there was a total absence of that nearness of blood, which makes so fearful an element in the Greek tragedy, and often likewise in real life. There were none of Mr. Bacon's kindred in Virginia, and consequently no danger of his coming in conflict, either in the council or upon the battle-field, with men who traced their lineage to the same source, or ever called him son or brother. Consider all this, and then add thereto the prophecies of an old witch and the enticements of a young girl, and wonder not that the young man, of an ardent imagination, an ambitious spirit, and an energy that could not abide the rust of inactivitity, should have fallen into a scheme full of promises of power and pleasure, if it succeeded, and with nothing but death to face if it failed.

To men who live in a state of perfect tranquility, fully protected in person and property by a well-armed and a wisely-administered government, the word *war* has a hide-

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ous sound and a repulsive meaning. It appears to them the sum total of all evil. As a child when frightened by distant thunder clings closer and closer to its mother's breast for safety and protection, so do they stand more firmly by and rely more trustingly upon a government, which, whatever it may be in other respects, yet secures them the ease of peace and guards them against the pains and penalties of a bloody strife. But to men who live in a semi-savage condition of society, like that existing in Virginia at the time in which Mr. Bacon's fortunes were cast, the insipidity of peace is more disliked than the pungency of war. To these kind of people comfort is dullness and safety is supineness. The natural condition of man is that of war, and he follows it until a government is set up which puts him in the artificial state of peace, and the more effectually that object is accomplished the better is the ruling power considered. But to make habit stronger than nature there must be much time and much training. Even at the best, there are always found a sprinkle of bold, defiant spirits who break through the restraints of society and follow their natural inclinations. We call these men criminals, and rightfully punish them for their crimes; but there are many who admire their courage and their fidelity to nature; and society sometimes puts these malefactors to death, in private places, in order to prevent them from making a public gallows a stage of heroism and of triumph.

War, therefore, is the vent for these pent-up passions, and the gratification of the carniverous instincts of multitudes of men who overflow with animal life and spirit. In it they find the license they long for, and they prosecute it until they are sated with blood or sufferings. The passion, though, is not long in satisfying itself. War among barbarians is always spasmodic; there are brief periods of fighting and of repose. In civilized society it requires a stern discipline to keep large bodies of men together for a long time as organized armies. If left to their own inclination they

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would dissolve and retire from the field as soon as they became weary of the strife. But this is what the government will not let them do. War with it is a business, and the soldiers the mere tools it uses in its prosecution. Let them grow ever so weary they must stand to their post, or die for disobedience, until the civil authority gives them leave to retire. This is the reason why a civilized people can always conquer barbarians With one war is a passion; with the other it is a trade or profession.

Mr. Bacon, well aware of these peculiarities of human nature, felt the importance of dilatoriness in his proceedings. He knew that there would be no difficulty in mustering as many men in Virginia as his exigences might require; but the problem to solve was as to how he could hold them together, feed, clothe, arm, and pay them, while he had not the machinery of a government to levy and collect taxes, nor officers for organizing and disciplining troops that might be needed for a year or two. He had also the question of a navy to consider, as Governor Berkeley always kept at least one sloop of war in the river.

CHAPTER XV.

As Mr. Bacon sat meditating in his apartment, Emma Cotton entered without ceremony, took a seat by his side, and called his attention to a book she held in her hand. It was a copy of Ben Johnson's poems, and having recently reached Virginia, it had gone the rounds of all the readers of Jamestown, and after being well thumbed had been given to Emma by Mr. Drummond, who highly valued its acquisition.

Ben Johnson was about nine years younger than Shakespeare, and survived him something like twenty-one years,

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dying in 1637. There were several features in the life and character of Jonson to recommend him to the Puritans. His father suffered severely from religious persecution in the reign of Queen Mary, and Ben himself had been so poor in his youth as to have to gain a scanty living by working at the trade of a brick-mason. Great as was the natural vigor of his mind and astonishing as were his acquisitions of learning, yet the want of enough hypocrisy to enable him to keep up an appearance of sympathy with the religion of the empire caused him to live a life of penury and neglect, and not to be fairly appreciated until he had fallen into his grave. The only friend he had, who rendered substantial assistance, was Drummond, the poet of Hawthorndon, and with him the Drummond of North Carolina claimed a relationship both by blood and by marriage.

Emma Cotton chiefly admired the warmth of Jonson's amatory poetry, and insisted upon reading, for the entertainment of Mr. Bacon, his lines to *Celia*, which we venture to quote:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But if I might Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon did only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee."

"Very well done," said Mr. Bacon, in reply to an inquiring look.

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"It reads smooth enough, and is true if the girl had good teeth. But if you were to send a bunch of flowers to an Indian girl it wouldn't come back smelling as sweet as it went."

"A poet, Emma, is one who can invent a thought or feign an emotion, or interpret anything seen in nature, not visible to or understood by ordinary people. An ability to write in harmonious numbers and measure is not sufficient to make a poet. He must also feign and form a fable and make it look like the truth. Jonson does not mean that the girl smelt sweeter, in fact, than the flowers; only that she appeared to do so in his imagination, because he was in love with her."

"I now understand. If a man once falls in love with a girl, she is sweeter than anything else in the world. She may not be so to other people, but she is to him. And it is enough, too. What difference does it make to her what other men think, if she has the heart of the man she wants? Giles Berkeley don't like me at all."

"It is of little moment who Giles likes or dislikes. See what Jonson says about Shakespeare."

She read the whole ode, and, after finishing, asked Mr. Bacon why Jonson put in these two lines:

> "And though thou hads't small Latin and less Greek,
> From thence to honor thee I will not seek."

"Jonson wanted all readers to know that he had at least that one advantage of Shakespeare, who was far from being a good scholar, while Jonson excelled in learning. It is so with all of us. We are never ready to admit anybody's superiority in every respect."

"True as gospel, Mr. Bacon. Governor Berkeley has in his hands more power than you have, but you have more sense and courage than he has; and if it ever comes to a fight, you will whip him clear out of the Colony. I don't like any of the Berkeleys. They laugh at our religion, and call us

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superstitious. But we are better than they are. They make money by believing in the Church of England, while we lose by not believing. If the Governor were to call himself a Puritan, like you do, the King would turn him out of office directly."

"When did you hear me call myself a Puritan?"

"I never did hear you. I know, though, that you are one, because the Puritans are your friends. They elected you to the Burgesses, and they will put you up still higher."

"A good many Catholics voted for me."

"Catholics have no chance in the Colony at all. There are not enough of them to do anything. In a fight between us and the Cavaliers the Catholics would be sure to take our side, because they hate the Church of England. It is very near like theirs; but it won't obey the Pope, and this is what makes them mad. They don't like to see people almost agree with them in opinion, and then refuse to obey their discipline, just for the sake of office and power. We Puritans are so far from the Catholics as to cause them to look upon us as they do upon the Indians. They hope some of these days to convert us all."

"There is always a chance to convert people who could lose nothing by the change and might gain something. When Queen Elizabeth's ambassador returned from Rome, she asked him why he did not try to convert the Pope. The ambassador said he thought it useless to make the attempt, because he had no better office to offer the Pope than the one he was then holding."

"This sounds funny, Mr. Bacon, but it is human nature. Men love office just like a girl loves a man. They will both do anything to get what they want, and, if they win, people will forget the means used and praise them for succeeding."

"You talk, Emma, something like a philosopher; you are wiser than your years. Do you draw knowledge from Mrs. Grindon or from the Doctor?"

"Neither. The old woman and I are on better terms than

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we used to be, which is the result of my keeping as far away from her as I can. I don't think the Doctor could learn a body much more then how to blow a nose like a horn."

"He might teach you how to avoid disease, and put death off a long time."

"I'm nothing like as much afraid of dying as are some other people. I know I have a great many years to live, and don't trouble about a thing which can't come for a long time. I have to marry before I die; and so have you."

"Mrs. Grindon prophesied that marriage was all I had to dread."

"She said so, Mr. Bacon, because she is afraid you will marry me. She is a witch, and nothing but evil can come out of a witch. You read in the Bible about people being possessed of a devil; it means they had witches in them. Jesus cast out a good many of these kind of devils; one time they ran into hogs, and the hogs into the sea, and were drowned. I wish Mrs. Grindon had drowned when the people threw her into the river."

"You are growing wicked again, Emma. I thought you had determined to be more friendly with the old woman?"

"I am friendly enough, except when I hear of some of her bad wishes for me. The idea of my marrying you stirs up all the devils in her, and I think their name is *legion*."

"It is a little strange that a girl at thirteen should give matrimony any serious thought."

"If we didn't think of it while young it would be useless to think of it after we got old. You see, in this book, that Ben Jonson sings all the time in praise of young and pretty girls. Not a word has he to say of old women. What is the reason? It must be because the men never think of old women."

"And young women think very little of old men."

"Just so, Mr. Bacon. Love must always be young and warm. Nothing would be more absurd than for a poet to fancy himself in love with an old woman, and then to write

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verses in praise of her charms, and express hopes of finding pleasure in her embrace."

"It seems to me that a poet might attract attention by doing something of the kind. Love is said to be blind, and the poet might fancy himself blind, and see the old woman through the eyes of love," said Bacon.

CHAPTER XVI.

NOT until some clumsy surgeon comes from the land of wicked spirits with the saw and scalpel of his trade, before it became a fine art, and rudely and roughly amputates the faculty of memory from our minds, can we ever fail to assert that the crowning glory of a man consists more in a reverence for the past than in an interest in that small segment of time which passes immediately before his eyes. It is our love of antiquity that mainly distinguishes us from the other species of the animal kingdom. The birds and the beasts can chatter and croak; can feel and make love like ourselves, but they take no note of any other save the passing hour, while our chief glory consists in a knowledge of our immortality, as it is taught when we see ourselves living in our ancestors, and feeling that we will continue to live in our posterity. What we are now our forefathers were; and after we are dead our children will be not only our monuments but the readers of our history and the re-enactors of our deeds.

The first colonists of Virginia were not like those of Massachusetts—composed entirely of men and women who fled from the oppression of either civil or ecclesiastical authority. They came here—as their descendants have since often gone to newer territories—for the betterment of their fortunes or to gain a promotion in life, which might have been denied them had they remained in the older country.

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There were, however, some Cavalier refugees, who came to Virginia in the days of the English Commonwealth; a good many Puritans, who came after the fall of the Cromwell family; a few Whigs, after Monmouth's Rebellion; and a good many Irish, who had been sent over by Henry Cromwell, while Governor of Ireland, in pursuance of his father's plan, which looked to a depopulation of the island, with a view to putting upon the lands of the natives a new set of people, to be exclusively of English or Scottish birth. These Irish were generally indentured servants—a position not much better than that of the black slaves imported from Africa and their offspring—and, having no other religion than a Catholic faith, could not intermarry with Protestants for that reason, nor with negroes on account of the bar set up by color and condition. As they had an aversion to mixing with the heathen Indian, the Irish found themselves confined within extremely narrow limits of domestic bliss. Painful as was this condition of celebacy, yet they bore it with more patience than they did the law of conformity, which required every inhabitant of the Colony to worship at least once a month at the altar, and according to the ritual of the Church of England.

The first act of uniformity was passed by the Virginia Burgesses in the year 1659, and so strengthened by amendment as to reach its utmost severity in 1662, when a congregation of Puritans in Nansemond county were so effectually separated and scattered by its enforcement as never to be heard of again as an organized body. As the English statute of uniformity did not go into operation until the 25th of August in this same year of 1662, it may be inferred that Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, was a few years in advance of King Charles, in England. It is a little singular, too, that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in Paris, and the dispersion and disappearance of the Puritans of Nansemond occured in the same summer, if not upon the same day.

Perfect uniformity in religion seems to have been the gol-

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den dream of men in power, throughout the Christian world, in that period of its history. The wickedness of such a requirement had not yet worked its way into the head of any living man. Oliver Cromwell raised himself to power by fighting, ostensibly, for political and religious liberty; but, after attaining the aim of his ambition, unveiled his hypocrisy, not only by destroying the Republic, but likewise by denying the Catholics of his kingdom a right to worship God according to the teachings of their own Church.

In addition to the sentimental objection held by a large portion of the people of Virginia to the Church of England, was another one, founded upon the very inferior moral and intellectual character of the chaplains and pastors it sent over as its ministers. Governor Berkeley himself was forced to admit, upon one occasion, that these preachers were perhaps the worst men of their profession that could be found in all England. They were often drunkards, libertines, gamblers, vulgar in manners, and obscene in conversation. We read of one who flogged his wife nigh unto death; of another who shot his adversary across a card-table; and of another who cursed his cook for the spoiling of a turkey in the roasting. This last specified individual pleaded in extenuation of his departure from propriety that as God condemned Adam, for the purloining of one small apple, to everlasting damnation, so might he, the preacher, send to hell, for a brief period, a negro slave who had deprived him of the enjoyment of his dinner.

The English act of toleration we have mentioned was not distinctly acknowledged by the Burgesses of Virginia as applicable to the Colony until Lord Culpeper came into power, and then very reluctantly and with many vexatious qualifications. We may be sure that it, like all other concessions of power to the demands of a portion of the people, resulted not so much from a regard for their rights as from a fear of their indignation, and that this strength of opposition grew gradually, and occasionly displayed its vigor

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and determination before it ultimately succeeded. There is, consequently, no difficulty in understanding that fires of rebellion were smouldering in the Burgesses when Mr. Bacon took his seat in that august body, nor that they showed a slight flame as soon as they were fanned by the breath of courage and stirred by the hand of resolution.

During the early part of the session, and while nothing more than the routine business of the Colony was being dispatched, Mr. Bacon sat silent, save when he cast his vote for or against a proposition. But after the taxes had been arranged, and the police regulations amended and strengthened, a resolution was offered by Mr. Blayton, who represented a county adjoining the Henrico of Mr. Bacon, looking to an increase of the military establishment of the Colony, as a safeguard against an insurrection of the Indians, then slightly apprehended.

In speaking upon this question, Mr. Bacon startled a portion of his auditors and delighted the others by taking a position very far in advance of any yet occupied by a Virginian. Like Patrick Henry, one hundred years later, he questioned the right of the King of England or the Governor of Virginia, and their parliamentarians, to take money out of the pockets and to impose military duty upon a people, who were denied their natural rights, chief among which was the right to follow their own consciences, and to worship God according to the teachings of their own Church. Mr. Bacon called the attention of the audience to the fact that the Puritans, the Catholics, and the Quakers of the Colony, who had all along been contributing their means to the support of the Colony and shedding their blood in its defense, were, whenever religion was concerned, treated as if they were no better than the aborigines of the forest. He even went so far as to allude to the recent civil war in England, and to throw out a hint that Charles II might learn something to his advantage by pondering the misfortunes of his father. Mr. Bacon maintained that there were reciprocal duties be-

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tween the sovereign and the subject. Government, he insisted, was a condition compact, composed of mutual and dependent agreements, and that a violation by one party discharged the other. The Dissenters in Virginia had been disregarded in this particular, which he considered an evidence of misrule; and so far from being willing to put more force in the hands of the Governor for their continued oppression, he favored the policy of letting the Puritans take care of themselves, which he thought they could do as well as the Cavaliers; and if they failed and were all massacred by the savages, then the government would be rid of what it was accustomed to call a vice in the political body.

This speech so much offended Governor Berkeley as to cause him to dissolve the House and to issue writs for the election of a new set of Burgesses.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMONG the Burgesses was Mr. Hansford, who represented the county of Princess Anne. He was a fat, florid man, with a good-natured expression of countenance, set off by a pair of twinkling black eyes, and a set of snow-white teeth. Although full forty years old, and blessed with a wife and children, yet his nature was of that description in which a love of the fair sex constitutes the ruling passion, and renders the worship of a young and pretty woman necessary to prevent a desiccation of the heart.

During the brief session of the House Mr. Hansford paid so much attention to Mrs. Cotton as to excite remarks, and in Mr. Bacon's first conversation with Emma she alluded to it as follows:

"I really think Mr. Hansford is more in love with my mother than you are with me, Mr. Bacon. Of course he

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can't marry her, unless the Cavaliers should put my father to death. What, then, is the use of making love upon an uncertainty of this kind? Maybe, though, he has old Mrs. Grindon on his side, and she will turn things topsy-turvy to suit his convenience. Mr. Hansford is the only man in town who didn't hear your speech. While we were all at the Capitol he stopped here making love to my mother."

"Did you hear my speech?"

"Every word, and never felt so good in my life. It was me who kept Doctor Grindon from disturbing you by blowing his nose like a horn. I stole the handkerchief out of his pocket, and wouldn't give it back to him until you stopped speaking. He was too much pleased with you to be mad with me, for you know, Mr. Bacon, that everybody in this town thinks we are going to be married just as soon as I put on long dresses, which isn't far off, either, for I am going to make mother give me long skirts by threatening to tell all I know about Mr. Hansford making love to her."

"Hansford's love-making is perfectly innocent. He is one of those men who are fond of all good-looking women."

"He didn't take the slightest notice of me, although I am considered the prettiest girl in this town. It may have been, though, because he knew I belonged to you, and didn't want to interfere with the rights of the leader of our party; for I can tell you, Mr. Bacon, that every Puritan has picked you out as the man to be our protector; and they will follow you up to the gates of hell, and go in with you, if need be. These young Puritans are full of fight. There are Barlow and Carver, who fought with Admiral Penn, and want to do it all over again. They don't like peace. They say it makes them feel like women. They are afraid of being killed with medicine and then burned like a potato. It is true, too, Mr. Bacon, if a man is going to die, the battle-field is the place for him to die like a man. I love a soldier with all my heart. I know he is always ready to die at the word of com-

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mand, and this makes him a great deal better than other people, who want to live forever."

"You have the spirit of a hero. You ought to be a boy."

"If I were a boy I couldn't marry you. In the book Mr. Drummond gave me is a play by Ben Jonson, called the *Silent Woman*. The funniest thing I ever read. Old Morose married, as he thought, a pretty girl; but the bride turned out to be a boy, dressed to look like a girl. You don't know how mad old Morose was when he discovered Epocene to be of the wrong gender. It took two good lawyers to get him out of his trouble."

"I have seen the play on the stage in London. The part of Epocene was played by Nelly Gwynn, who wore shorter skirts than yours, and had a hat on her head as big as a cart-wheel. King Charles fell in love with Nell, and made her his own, without regard to the Queen's wishes."

"If Mr. Hansford gets a chance that is what he will do with my mother. He will run her off without consulting my father. It is the way with all men. They will have what they want, and nothing but death or witchcraft can hinder them."

"Fortunately, Mrs. Grindon is as much the friend of your father, as of Mr. Hansford."

"You don't understand the old woman like I do, Mr. Bacon. She is now so eager to whip the Cavaliers out of Virginia as to forget how much she hates some people. She has made up with Barlow and Carver, just like she has with me; but it is not because she loves us the more, but because she hates the Cavaliers the most. Religion, Mr. Bacon, is a singular thing. I know from the way it works in me how it affects other people."

"Then tell me, Emma, how it makes you feel, for I never felt the sensation in my own self."

"It is nothing but the strongest kind of love, and begins with loving ourselves, and then climbs up to some other object. Ben Jonson says in this book that a poet without

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love were a mental and moral impossibility. It is the same way with a woman. She was born and made for love, and if she does not love something she is a monster. A young girl like me sees God in the man she loves, and can't tell which she loves the most. An old woman like Mrs. Grindon sees God standing far from her, and she loves the man who can take her nearer to him. I love you because you are Mr. Bacon; she loves you because she knows you can, like Jehu, destroy the worshipers of Baal; and in helping you she helps herself by pleasing God."

"I never knew a girl of your age to know so much. Your instructors are good ones."

"I tell you everything, Mr. Bacon. My teachers are Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Drummond; both smart men, and men who talked with Cromwell, Milton, and Hampden."

"And, maybe, with Admiral Penn."

"It is Barlow and Carver who heard Penn talk. But he wasn't much more than a good fighting man. He fell out with his son William because he was a Quaker. This looks like narrow-mindedness."

"The Puritans of Massachusetts gave Obadiah Holmes thirty-nine lashes on the bare back for no other reason than because Obadiah insisted upon saying '*Thee*' and '*Thou*,' and wouldn't sign himself to a letter as '*Your most obedient servant.*'"

"Those things proved him to be a Quaker; and the Puritans, like all other people, are obliged to have somebody to quarrel with. As soon, though, as they have the Church of England to fight in the field they will all make friends among themselves, and unite as one man to conquer the big and insulting bully. You can see how it is going on in this town. As soon as you commence fighting the Cavaliers every Dissenter will be on your side as soldiers; and old Mrs. Grindon will let all of her devils loose, and the Cavaliers will have knots tied in their legs and pains in their heads,

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and the guns will jump out of their hands, and the powder will all the time be wet, and the flints won't strike fire, and Doctor Grindon will use his nose as a trumpet to sound a charge of cavalry and terrify the enemy."

"If the conflict comes we will need money more than music."

"There will be no trouble about money. The men will fight two or three months without pay, and before that time you will have control of the Colony, and can collect taxes for yourself, just like Governor Berkeley does now. You can then make the Cavaliers support us, just like they are making us support them now."

"Have your teachers ever considered the question of having Charles II to contend with after we get rid of Berkeley?"

"Yes. I will tell you what they say. Charles sits uneasy on his throne. The Puritans killed his old daddy and kept Charles in exile for ten years. The King knows there is a large Puritan population in England at this time, and they will rise if they get half a chance. He had to get out of his late war with the Dutch as fast as he could. Von Tromp brought his ships up to Gravesend, and would have taken London if the train-bands had not fled at the first fire, and made the Dutchman think it a trick to induce him to make a landing, and, after he had put his men on shore, to come back and gobble him. It wasn't a trick, though. It was a plan of the Puritans to throw London into the hands of the Dutch, and give them a chance to rise. Charles knows all this; and then he knows that the Puritans are strong in America. New England is full of them, and two of Cromwell's old generals—Goff and Whalley—are at this very time hid in a Massachusetts village. Just as soon as you commence fighting in Virginia those old war-horses will come out of their dens—for they must be very tired of doing nothing—and raise up soldiers to help you; and if Charles

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makes any move to help Berkeley the Puritans will rise in England and chop his head off. Don't you know, Mr. Bacon, that John Bradshaw and Andrew Marvell are both in London, and just as mad at the King as we are at the Governor?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. BACON, before leaving Jamestown, made up his mind to stand as a candidate for the new House of Burgesses ordered to be elected by the Governor. As it appeared probable that Berkeley would throw all of the influences of his office and his own wealth and respectability on the side of the opposing candidate, whoever he might happen to be, the Puritans determined to help Bacon as much as they could, and to this end engaged Barlow and Carver and some others to accompany him to his plantation in Henrico, and employ themselves exclusively in the work of canvassing the borough.

Mr. Duke was persuaded by the Cavaliers to try his fortunes a second time, and as soon as the issue was joined the political pot began to boil with an energy never before witnessed in the county. Bacon spoke much of the burdensome taxation, and of the inadequate defense of the frontier counties against Indian depredations. These savages frequently made raids upon the settlements of the whites; stole their horses and cattle, and were even at times so audacious as to carry off the young squaws, who had been honored by the love of white men and embraced as their wives.

Mr. Duke argued that safety and prosperity depended upon a strict loyalty to the government. To obstruct the operation of its machinery would aggravate the very evil of which Mr. Bacon complained. A resistance to Berkeley, while

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embarrassing him, would encourage the Indians to rebel, and the suppression of the insurrection would impose an additional burden of taxation. He considered the tranquility of the Colony of the first and last importance, and advocated an acquiescence in the slight inconveniences then existing as wiser than a rushing into changes that threatened the greatest of calamities. The benign influences of the Church of England were exhibited, he thought, in the protection it gave Virginia from the contagion of the witchcraft delusion then raging throughout all the colonies to the north. While the skies of Massachusetts were red with the flames that sent innocent old women to horrible deaths, only one instance of an inclination to this kind of tragedy had happened in Virginia, and the fires of that one had been smothered by the courage and the intelligence of Mr. Bacon.

So far as logic went, Mr. Duke had the advantage of his adversary, but in all periods of political excitement passion masters more minds than does reason. We are so constituted as to be never satisfied with our present condition in life. Evils, however light, are more considered than blessings, however great. We love change, fondly fancying that any new state of affairs must necessarily be better than the old; and then we love to see those in power made to know that they are not yet our masters. It was this peculiarity of the human mind and heart that enabled Cromwell to lead the English people out of the tyranny of the Stuart family into a still greater one of his own making; and while Mr. Bacon was not aware of any criminal ambition in himself, yet, as the leader of a party, he sought success by all the lawful means in his power.

Barlow and Carver proved themselves very efficient in private electioneering. Although they had served Cromwell, took his money, and obeyed his orders, yet they now had no hesitation in pointing out the severity and injustice of his rule. They held him up as an example of the dangers and of putting too much power in the hands of any one man;

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argued that if Berkeley was not curbed in his high career in a little while he would encroach upon the dearest and most sacred rights of the people. They called attention to Cromwell's treatment of the Irish—how he not only made it a felony for them to intermarry with the English, but when he was transporting them to Jamaica he made up the cargoes of his ships according to the sex of the travelers, with a view to improving the breed by an infusion of English blood. The girls went in ships on which were no men save the English sailors; and the men in ships on which there were no girls at all. Barlow knew this to be a fact, because he sailed on one of these girl transports, and on more than twenty occasions loaned a helping hand in mixing the blood and in improving the mental and moral character of the offspring of these Celtic maidens. Carver confirmed this statement, and said he would have been equally agreeable to the views of the Lord Protector of Great Britain if it had not been for the fact that Carver's father was a preacher, and trained his son to walk in the narrow paths of a rigid virtue.

Some twenty years previous to the time now interesting us there was a fight in the river, near Jamestown, between two men-of-war—one ship being in the commission of the Parliament and the other in the commission of the King. The combat was fierce and protracted, without either ship having a right to claim a victory. Both were so badly damaged and so reduced in the manning as to be at the mercy of the wind and the waves. Ebb-tide carried them down the river and into Hampton Roads, where they both went to the bottom. As a matter of course, Barlow and Carver were on the ship of the Parliament; but somehow or other it was not commanded by Admiral Penn. Fleetwood was captain—an old tar, nearly equal to Penn, and who surely would have attained his eminence if he had not been untimely slain. The Indians witnessed this fight from the shore, and seeing the English people engaged in the lauda-

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ble enterprise of putting each other to death, determined to show their own impartiality by an indiscriminate massacre of all the white and black inhabitants of the Colony. There were some Cavaliers in Mr. Bacon's borough who fought for the King in this naval combat, and a debate springing up between them and Barlow and Carver as to the respective merits of the engagement, resulted in a fist and skull fight, out of which the combatants came with heads nearly as much battered as the ships on which they had fought.

This fray, in itself, was of little consequence, but it had the usual effect upon the Indians. It led them to think that the whites were again at war among themselves, and the Indians had another opportunity for the extermination of the usurpers of their land. They laid their plans accordingly, and on the day of the election, while many men were at the voting-place, the savages fell upon those left at home, killing and scalping, robbing and ravishing, and laying waste to the plantations as far as fire and faggot could accomplish the work. When Mr. Bacon returned to his home, with his certificate of election in his pocket, he found many of his negroes dead, his houses in ashes, his cattle stolen, and his Italian friends mourning the loss of the squaws, who had been carried back to the wigwams.

CHAPTER XIX.

When the Burgesses met in Jamestown, such reports of Indian depredations had come in from all parts of the country as to lead them to believe that a general war was imminent, and to address themselves, above all other things, to an effectual defense of the Colony. The Governor had, in advance of the representatives of the people, formulated and partially put into execution a plan of his own, and in-

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sisted upon its adoption by the House, with a view to economy in both time and money. In all probability his wishes would have been complied with had it not been for the opposition of Mr. Bacon, who pointed out the unwisdom of providing full protection for the lower counties, where it was slightly needed, to the detriment of those on the frontier, where it was all-essential. The outside tier of counties constituted the bulwark of the Colony, and in making them secure the security of all the rest of the land became assured. The Governor's plan appeared the reverse of this. It seemed to assume that the guard had better be put inside than outside of the camp, or that it is wiser to let the burglar break into the house, and then kill him, than to dispose of him before he effects an entrance. Nearly all of the representatives of the upper counties sided with Mr. Bacon, and a few came to him who thought his speech in the last House smacked of treason and rebellion.

Patriotism is a high-sounding word, and upon holiday occasion is all that can be desired; but if we examine the sentiment closely we find it to be not much more than self-interest in disguise; and we are loyal to state or sovereign in proportion to the security afforded our persons and property.

The representatives of the lower counties were, therefore, devoted to the Governor and his policy, because it put them in positions of safety, while those of the upper counties opposed it, because it exposed them to dangers they were not prepared to resist. Still the friends of the Governor were much the stronger, numerically, in the Assembly. Their orators spoke of the denser population and the greater wealth of their counties, and that they would have to furnish the larger part of the money and men required for the prosecution of the war. As upon them fell the heaviest part of the burden, so ought they to have the most prop and support. The people on the frontier could fall back upon them in case of emergency, while they, under no circumstances, could fly to the other for succor and protection.

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The debate waxed warm and warmer, until finally it was given a personal application by Mr. Madison, who spoke of Mr. Bacon as a "*factious demagogue.*"

"Do you use the word demagogue in the Greek or the English sense?" demanded Mr. Bacon.

"In the English," replied Mr. Madison.

"Then, sir, it is an insult, and you will hear from me again," said Mr. Bacon.

They all knew what this meant, and in a little while the House adjourned with a view to an early retiring to bed and an early rising the next morning to witness the duel between the two men.

CHAPTER XX.

At sunrise the adversaries appeared upon the field of honor, which was just outside the limits of the village. Mr. Madison had as his second Mr. Giles Berkeley, the son of the Governor, and Doctor Bray as his surgeon. Mr. Bacon was attended by Mr. Cotton and Doctor Grindon in the same capacities. Nearly all the people of the town were out as spectators, and they all looked as if anticipating a spicy kind of pleasure.

When the combatants first faced each other on the field each one took off his hat and profoundly bowed to his opposite. Then Mr. Cotton and Mr. Berkeley stepped forward and began to arrange the preliminaries.

Suddenly Conset Berkeley shouted to his brother: "You are letting yourself down. Cotton is a tavern-keeper."

"Sure enough. I forgot. As you keep an inn, Mr. Cotton, it is impossible for me to recognize you as a man of honor. No one who makes hospitality a source of profit can be accounted a gentleman," said Giles Berkeley.

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"I do keep a tavern, but I am first cousin to Cotton Mather, the greatest preacher in the world," replied Cotton.

"And you may add, the greatest witch-burner," s' d Giles, turning away.

It seemed as if the play was about to be spoiled, and a murmur of discontent could be distinctly heard.

While Mr. Bacon looked inquiringly for a substitute Mr. Cotton, Mr. Hansford stepped forward and offered d o services.

As Giles could find no objection to him, it was quickly arranged that the principals should stand thirty feet apart, use the same style of pistol, and fire at the word, which Mr. Hansford was selected to give, according to the usual form observed upon all such occasions.

So eager were the people to obtain a good view of the combat as to cause some loss of time in pursuading them to stand at a distance clear of danger, and as soon as this was effected, Mr. Hansford cried out: "Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"They both replied in firm, steady voices and with calm faces: "Ready."

"Then fire! One, two, three."

"When Mr. Hansford reached the word "two," a simultaneous report of the pistols was heard, and Mr. Madison then seen to reel and stagger for a moment, and then to fall heavily to the ground.

Mr. Bacon continued to stand as firm as a statue, until Doctor Bray announced that his principal had received a wound so severe as to put an end to the combat.

Mr. Bacon and Mr. Hansford, as well as Doctor Grindon, then raised their hats and retired from the field, followed by a crowd of admiring friends, who, as soon as they got out of reach of Mr. Madison's hearing, gave expression to their feelings in such shouts of exultation as to drown the loudest notes Doctor Grindon could sound upon his nose.

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As Mr. Madison was known to be the best pistol-shot in the Colony, many thought it marvelous how, upon this occasion, he happened to miss his mark, but Emma Cotton explained it to the satisfaction of many by saying: "I felt uneasy for Mr. Bacon until I saw old Mrs. Grindon on the field. I then felt sure Mr. Bacon wouldn't be hit. The old witch turned some of her devils loose, and they turned Mr. Madison's bullet out of the straight line. This is the best good witchcraft I have ever heard of, and if the old woman keeps on practicing in this way, I'll forgive her the evil she did me, and will feel sorry that the people threw her into the river and glad that Mr. Bacon saved her life when they were about to burn her and her devils to ashes. As apt as not she and her imps have professed religion."

CHAPTER XXI.

A PROOF of the possession of courage always gains a man the respect of his enemies; and the duel fought by Mr. Bacon had the effect of not only preventing any more personal criticism but also in gaining some concessions to his opinions. The plan of defense as proposed by the Governor was so far amended as to provide for the erection of a fort on James river, a few miles above the plantation of Mr. Bacon, and for similar structures at the head-waters of other streams. Mr. Bacon expressed himself satisfied, and then applied to the Governor for a commission to enable him to recruit men in Henrico for the garrison of the first-named fortification. To his surprise, and to that of some other gentlemen, the Governor promptly refused the request, without giving any other reason than that the recent course of Mr. Bacon in the Assembly made him obnoxious to a suspicion of disloyalty, and that the future behavior of Mr.

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Bacon would have to decide as to whether he was worthy of the trust and confidence of the Colonial Government. The Governor hoped the probation would give satisfaction; but until that time arrived Mr. Bacon would have to fight as a private soldier or remain in civil life.

Somewhat angered, he made his way to the tavern, where he found Emma Cotton fresh from the teachings of her political instructors and ready to impart her knowledge."

"I can tell you how it all is. The Governor is afraid of you. He is afraid if he gives you a commission that you will raise troops, and, after whipping the Indians, come down here and drive him out of the Colony. He knows how much the Puritans dislike him; and what his son said about a tavern-keeper not being a gentleman has made them dislike him still more. How can it be any less respectable to wait on people than on a king? My father gives his customers food and lodging for their money, and the King gives the Governor so many pounds sterling each year to obey his orders. The only difference is in the sum of money made. The real gentleman is like you, Mr. Bacon; he is one who can read Greek and Latin, and lives on his own property, neither taking wages from a king nor from customers."

"You shut out preachers."

"They do have to be paid, but not much. Besides this, if a preacher succeeds in saving our souls we are under obligations to him. My cousin, Cotton Mather, is a preacher, as you know. He sent us a copy of his new book called *The Invisible World.* In it he tells all he knows about witchcraft. Would you like to hear me read a chapter?"

"Not at this time. I would rather hear what Drummond and Lawrence think I had better do in the face of the Governor's behavior."

"It is all as clear as is what my cousin Mather calls invisible light—which is something so white and refined that you can neither see, feel, smell, nor touch. All you have to do

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is to let the Governor know that you are as good a man as he is. Go up to Henrico and raise troops, and use them to suit yourself. As soon as the Governor finds out that you are not afraid of him, he will be very glad to come to terms, and give the commission you ought to have."

"It might lead to a conflict between my men and the Governor's."

"If it does, so much the better. The smell of Mr. Madison's blood the other day nearly set the old Cromwellians crazy. They are like lions—a taste only whets the appetite for a surfeit. If you and the Governor once get to fighting, they will flock to you. Barlow and Carver both say they are tired living like women—they want to be doing a man's work, and that is shooting and killing the enemy every time he gets close enough."

"Do you think Mr. Hansford eager for a fray?"

"He is too much in love with my mother to think of much else. Do you know, Mr. Bacon, I thought it very funny when he took my father's place as your second? Mr. Hansford would like to be in my father's place all the time."

"From the present outlook, I think Hansford will soon have to turn his attention from Venus to Mars."

"You can't make much of a soldier out of Mr. Hansford, unless there are a number of pretty women in the camp. I never knew a man more in love. I wish I had just half as much of your love."

"You have as much of my love as I can give. My head is warmer than my heart, and at this time is fuller of notions of glory than of pleasure," said Mr. Bacon.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE first thing Bacon did upon arriving at his home was to seek the friendship and co-operation of Mr. Duke, his competitor for the honor of representing Henrico in the Bur-

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gesses. Mr. Duke being a man of talents, courage, and one of the most opulent in the Colony, could, if won to the cause of Bacon, throw an immense influence on its fortunes. Mr. Duke's plantation was nearly as accessible to the devastations of the Indians as were the plantations of Bacon and several other proprietors. The fort, just completed under the Governor's order, was a mere stockade, and manned by a set of nominally friendly Indians. The treacherous character of the savages rendered the fort as much of a menace as a defense; and the obstinancy of Berkeley gave no hope of his being pursuaded to change his plans for defending the Colony. Bacon, therefore, thought it useless in the present juncture of affairs to rebuild the houses on his place recently destroyed by the Indians, and directed his energies and the skill of his Italians to the construction of a ship, which could be made to answer the purpose of a dwelling while at anchor, and could likewise be moved as the exigences of the time required.

Mr. Duke, naturally of a friendly disposition, and now feeling his fortunes bound up with those of Mr. Bacon, invited the last-named gentleman to use his house as his own until better arrangements could be made. Mr. Duke's residence was one of those rambling, disjointed structures, resulting from a number of small cabins hitching together, and sending an unreasonable number of chimneys into the air. The house grew as the planter's fortune increased—he constantly looking forward to its entire demolition, to be replaced by a stately and sumptuous mansion. With the exception of his daughter Lizzie, then eighteen years old, Mr. Duke's family consisted of children of very tender age and a wife so much afflicted with a spinal complaint as to render her a constant invalid.

When Mr. Bacon first met Lizzie Duke he felt like a man who, after a long wandering in an arid desert, suddenly comes upon a fountain of limpid and life-giving water, and forgets the punishment of his thirst in the delights of its

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relief. Nearly as tall as himself, with a slight, undulating figure, hazel-colored eyes and dark-brown tresses, Lizzie Duke had the spiritual look—the sweet expression of countenance—which Mr. Bacon thought might cause a man to forget either his rheumatism or his religion. The girl was modest almost to bashfulness, and, at their first meeting, but small advances were made towards an acquaintance. Still the impression of lovliness once made on his mind was not to be effaced by either absence or employment; and while wandering among the people, stirring them up to the necessities of their situation, or helping his ship-builders to make tight the hull and spread the sails of his craft, the man's mind was filled with alternate thoughts of love and of war.

It was not long before Mr. Bacon attached to his plan of proceeding, independent of Governor Berkeley, nearly all the proprietors of the county of Henrico, and some of those contiguous, and had enlisted as soldiers a considerable force of men, as well armed and equipped as the means at his command would permit. There was no trouble in respect to fire-arms, as nearly every man had his own gun, and powder was rapidly made from the elements of nature deposited around and about him and his people. The troops were clad in buck-skin breeches, grey woolen stockings, and hunting-shirts made of linsey and colored to a bright yellow by the dye of the butternut, or the *juglaus*, as it is called in botany. The chief difficulty consisted in procuring means of transportation, owing to the great number of horses recently stolen by the Indians; but this was not serious, as the men could, in a great measure, live upon the game and fruits of the forest, and needed no other canopy than the sky.

These troops elected Bacon their captain, and he only distinguished his dress from theirs by wearing a red sash around his body and an ostrich plume in his hat. While he was drilling and disciplining his force, news came of the advance of an Indian party. Captain Bacon met them upon the plantation of Mr. Duke, and put them to flight before they had time to do

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any serious damage. This service not only firmly attached Bacon to Duke, as the defender of his property, but likewise gave birth to one of those sentimental incidents, which, in time of trouble, makes the strongest of all earthly ties. Lizzie Duke cut up several of her gowns and fabricated a flag, in resemblance of the rainbow, which she presented to the men and their officers. The standard produced a pleasing effect as it floated in the breeze, was carried to the end of the war, and, in all probability, suggested the *Stars and Stripes* of the American Union.

Bacon was following up his advantage, and driving the Indians before him, when he was confronted by a proclamation from Governor Berkeley—first depriving Bacon of his seat in the Council of the Colony, then denouncing him as a rebel, and finally threatening him and his men with all the pains and penalties of treason, if they did not lay down their arms in a shorter period than thirty days from the date of the proclamation. Bacon treated the document with indifference, but a few of his followers became terrified and left his service. With a force, therefore, of not more than one hundred men he proceeded in pursuit of the Indians, who eluded the chase, and, after several days of marching, led him into the depths of an unbroken forest. As the noise and the presence of so many men frightened the game to places of greater security, Bacon found his commissary supplies running low, and, fearing the disorganizing effects of famine, determined to move upon and occupy the fort recently erected by Berkeley and manned by nominally friendly Indians.

Upon being challenged by the sentinels, he halted and stated that the whole object of his approach was a desire to purchase a stock of provisions. The commandant denied him entrance, and declined complying with Bacon's request until the orders of the Governor could be obtained. This postponing of compliance continued from day to day, and, it finally occuring to Bacon that the delay was designed more

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to gain time for the strengthening of the fort than to justify hospitality on the part of the commandant, Bacon determined to carry the place by storm. While making arrangements to cross a creek between his camp and the fort he was fired upon by a party in his rear, with the fatal effect of death to one of his men. This stimulating to prompt action, the order was given to ford the creek and make the assault After a brisk fight of forty minutes the garrison of the fort gave way, evacuated the fortified position, and sought safety in the woods. Bacon immediately took possession, ran up and and saluted his rainbow flag, and then began to count the dead. While he had only sustained a loss of three men, one hundred and fifty Indians had been killed outright, or fatally wounded. This disparity of numbers is to be accounted for upon the hypothesis of the ignorance of the Indians and their want of skill in the use of fire-arms. They often thought themselves whipped before they were, and in their awkwardness were more apt to kill themselves than the enemy.

The fire in the rear which hurried Bacon in his assault upon the fort came from some troops sent by Berkeley for his destruction; and if the rebel leader had not acted with the promptness and courage he did display all would have been lost with him and his men. Once in the fort, he was too strong to dislodge, and Berkeley's men kept themselves at a safe distance until they were recalled by the Governor, an event not long in happening, as they were needed to suppress tumults in the lower counties, instigated by Drummond and Lawrence and other men friendly to the cause of Bacon.

These disaffected persons had, so far, only expressed themselves in speeches and resolutions condemnatory of the conduct of the war by Berkeley; but he, well aware of the temper of the times and the perils of his situation, sought to soothe these tumults by pacific overtures, which promised certain concessions to their wishes and desires. To this end

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he dissolved the existing Assembly and issued writs of election for a new one. The proclamation against Bacon was not withdrawn, but many thought it had become nugatory, as he had ceased to act independently of the Governor's authority before the thirty days of grace allowed had expired. Still, upon again being elected a representative of Henrico in the new House of Burgesses, he thought it prudent to take a respectable force of armed men with him, and accordingly fitted up his ship for the purpose. He called his craft *The Duke*, and floated his rainbow flag from the mainmast. There were only thirty men on board, with Barlow as captain, who had put himself into a red coat, and gave the crew to understand that he looked as much like Admiral Penn as one man could look like another. Everything went on well enough until, in approaching Jamestown, *The Duke* was fired upon by a British man-of-war which had recently come into port.

Barlow immediately cried out: "Clear the ship for action!" But Bacon, knowing himself to be totally unprepared for a naval engagement, countermanded Barlow, and ordered the ship to turn around and retire up the river. The man-of-war followed, and soon forced *The Duke* to surrender, and it and its crew were taken to Jamestown as prisoners.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE reception given Bacon by the people of the village, and the increased strength of his party in the House of Burgesses, satisfied Berkeley that harsh measures of treatment would be more productive of evil than of good, and induced him to set Bacon and his men at liberty, and to restore his captured property. The Cavaliers in the House followed the example of the Governor, and permitted Bacon to take his seat without raising any question of right or loyalty.

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In this Assembly sat Mr. Madison, who had recovered of his wound received in the duel, and had lost all feeling of animosity for his rival. Drummond and Lawrence had succeeded in gaining seats as representatives of two lower counties, and several other gentlemen had been equally fortunate, although they had not been heard of as politicians until the conflict sprung up between Bacon and Berkeley.

As soon as the Burgesses were ready for business they received a message from the Governor, which, after informing them of the condition of the Colony as regarded men and money, insisted that they address themselves exclusively to the conduct of the war, and to be wary of Drummond and Lawrence, two members of whose loyalty he had painful doubts. This intended reproach was received by its objects without any exhibition of feeling, and by the other members with various expressions of countenance. The House proceeded with business in a pleasant way, and every one appeared satisfied with himself and his associates.

Captain Bacon and Mr. Hansford were oftener absent from their places than any of the other members, but were excused upon the report of both being in love, a charge Bacon thought to trace to its source by making inquiries of Emma Cotton.

"I did say many times that you are in love with me, and Mr. Hansford in love with my mother, but I didn't call the attention of the Burgesses thereto. Every little thing a body says in this village flies around like a witch. I happened to say the other day that Mrs. Grindon and her husband looked like a pair of old shoes, and somebody had to run and tell her. It made the old woman as mad as a hornet, and I had to deny it all just for the sake of peace among ourselves; for, of course, it would never do for us to be quarreling with one another when we have our hands full with the Governor and his Cavaliers."

"It looks a little like we were coming to terms."

"Not a bit. The Governor is only playing according to

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his Jesuit's book, *Macchiavelli's Prince.* It is all deceit. He is a bloodthirsty tyrant, and if he ever once gets you in his power he will hang you like a dog. Didn't the *Epsilon* try to sink you in the river? Yes; the ship hadn't been in port more than two days, and its captain knew nothing about you. There are pirates on the coast, and the *Epsilon* was cruising against them. The Governor told the captain to sink or capture every craft that floated an unknown flag; for the Governor had heard of your rainbow. If you had fought, the *Epsilon* would have sunk *The Duke.*"

"That would have been the result if I had not taken command out of the hands of Barlow; he was getting ready to fight."

"All these old Cromwellians are keen-set for a fray. They are sick and tired of a woman's way of living. Just make a start and give them a chance, and you will see the feathers fly."

"I did see some of them fight. They carried the fort like Cromwell carried the town of Dunbar."

"And if you don't get ahead of Berkeley, he will, some of these days, swing you off like Charles II did the regicides."

"I intend to make the Governor give us all a pardon, and me a colonel's commission."

"If you ask him you will humble yourself for nothing. He will promise to do so, and then keep putting it off from time to time until he gets a chance to hang you. Don't you recollect how it happened with Sir Walter Raleigh? He was condemned to death for complicity in the Arabella Stuart conspiracy. King James gave him his liberty, but no special pardon. Many years afterwards Sir Walter offended the Spaniards by capturing St. Thomas, where he hoped to find a gold mine. Spain threatened war unless Sir Walter was punished, and King James thought it cheaper to put Sir Walter to death, under the old condemnation, than to fight the Spaniards. So it will be with you. You have your liberty, but you are still under condemnation.

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As soon as the Governor gets this Indian war off his hands he will turn his attention to you."

"You talk wisely, Emma; and while I have the chance I will turn it to account."

"That is right, Captain Bacon. Let the Governor see how much better you are than he is. Instead of asking him for a pardon, make him ask you for one."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE next day *The Duke* went down the river, with Mr. Cotton on board, and after landing him at Norfolk returned to Jamestown. The object of this movement was to enable Mr. Cotton to sail for Boston without attracting the attention of Governor Berkeley or any of his officials. A few days later *The Duke* went up the river, with Captain Bacon in command, who gave out that his object was not much more than to make a visit to his plantation. As the *Epsilon* had gone to sea, the way was open and free from any craft that could menace or molest.

Before the expiration of two weeks Bacon returned at the head of several hundred armed men, took the town by surprise, filled the streets with soldiers, and surrounded the Capitol, in which the Assembly were in session and where the Governor was transacting business. As is always the case, this military occupation produced different effects on the minds of different descriptions of people, and gave rise to a variety of behavior. The Cavaliers showed signs of alarm and kept within their houses; the Puritans appeared pleased and mixed with the troops in the street, while negroes, Indians, and children looked at it as a mere holiday parade, and enjoyed themselves accordingly. Bacon, having the Governor and the Burgesses shut up in the Capitol, ad-

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dressed his attention to them, although they were slow to give their attention to him. He called time and again for the Speaker of the House to come to the door, and then growing weary of waiting for his appearance, Bacon ordered his soldiers to make ready to fire upon the house, and while they pointed their guns in the directions indicated, he walked to and fro, gesticulating violently and vehemently demanding a signed and sealed pardon for himself and his men, and, in addition thereto, a brigadier-general's commission for Nathaniel Bacon as their commander.

Still there was a delay. Finally the captain ordered the men to get ready to fire, and as they cocked their guns for the purpose, Mr. Blayton waved a white handkerchief out of the window and shouted: "You shall have all you want."

The soldiers then brought their guns to the ground, and, all immediate danger being averted, Governor Berkeley came out of the house and made a theatrical displa of courage by walking up to Bacon, baring his bosom, d crying: "A fair mark! Shoot! Shoot! No Berkeley s ever afraid of death!"

Bacon viewed him for a moment, and then replied: have no wish to hurt you. Our business is to get a pardon, and a commission for myself, and we will have both before we retire."

"Do you think I am going to put a stick in your hand to break my head with? Do you think I have forgotten how the Parliament of England made Oliver Cromwell great, to feel themselves the greatest weight of his ingratitude? No; I will profit by the experience of the past."

Before Bacon could reply Berkeley retired within the house, to be followed by his adversary, who walked about, mixing with the members and wearing such an air of authority as to lead many to think that he contemplated marching in a corporal with his guard and dispersing the Burgesses, as Cromwell had disposed of the long Parliament,

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and then taking the reins of government into his own hands. As the Governor remained shut up in his private room, the Speaker called the attention of Bacon to that fact, and also to the additional one that no man but the Executive of the Colony had a right either to grant pardons or to commission officers.

"I know it is so by law at this time, but the law is nothing but the will of the people. I want you to assert their rights by acting independent of the Governor. Give me the commission, and I will make it better than any one Lord Berkeley can issue," said Bacon.

Mr. Blayton then stepped forward and remarked: "I represent a county adjoining Henrico. Our interests are the same. Be so good as to state your grievances."

Bacon then spoke of the inadequate defense given the frontier counties against Indian depredations; spoke of the unjust treatment he and his men had received at the hands of Berkeley for defending themselves; of the excessive taxation; of the importance of inspecting the accounts of financial officers; and of finding a remedy for numerous other complaints and calamities of the Colony.

This colloquy occupied more than an hour, and at its conclusion Bacon was persuaded to adjourn his demands until the next day, in order to give the Burgesses an opportunity for calm conference and consultation with the Governor.

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT night proved to be the most interesting one ever known in the village of Jamestown. Excitement ran high, and few persons retired to their beds, and the few who did, sought sleep in vain. The Puritans were so hospitably disposed towards the soldiers as to lead many of them into the

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first stage of intoxication, and, while so muddled, they paraded the streets, singing songs and giving expression to their sentiments of patriotism by such cries as: "Down with Berkeley and the Bishop!" "Down with the King and Nelly Gwynn!" "Up with Bacon and freedom!"

A few Cavaliers responded by crying: "Down with witchcraft and conjuration!" "Up with reason and common sense!"

There being so much tumult at the tavern as to put well-considered conversation out of the question, Bacon accepted the hospitality of Doctor Grindon, and in his house spent the night, consulting with faithful friends and laying wise plans for the morrow. Sentinels were posted around the building, and the word "*Christ*" adopted as the countersign. Lawrence and Drummond, the prime conspirators and the main-spring of the ripening rebellion, were too wary to confer personally with Bacon, and used Emma Cotton as their messenger. As the sentinels were frequently changed, Emma had as often to repeat the word to pass, and, being a girl of little discretion, she always spoke so loud as to be heard not only by the guard but also by any one who happened to be within a possible distance of the post. Owing to this carelessness a negro, of a pious turn of mind, heard the word Christ so often spoken as to lead him to think that there was a convocation of saints in the house, and, with a view to absorb a portion of their spiritual food for his own advantage in this world and the next, the black man gave the countersign, passed the sentinel, reached the back yard, applied his ear to the window, and listened with all intentness. Before he heard much, Doctor Grindon blew his nose with so much violence as to startle the negro into striking his head against the lattice and making a noise sufficiently loud to attract the attention of Bacon, who ran his hand out and tangled his fingers in the wool of the African.

When brought into the house the negro explained his position as well as he could, and was believed until he said

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he belonged to Mr. Hansford, and had been brought by him to Jamestown as his valet. Doctor Grindon thought he had seen this slave in the service of Doctor Bray, and, to make sure of his ownership, Bacon requested Emma to run to the tavern and ask Mr. Hansford to come to the house.

"No use" she replied; "Mr. Hansford is too busy making love to my mother to be drawn here by six horses. He is perfectly delighted at the absence of my father, and would rather hear of his drowning at sea than of you succeeding on land."

"Mr. Cotton will not be drowned, and Mr. Hansford will have good luck if he is not hanged," said Mrs. Grindon, in an oracular way.

"That is what I call good and bad witchcraft mixed," replied Emma.

The negro hearing this allusion to witches, and aware of Mr. Grindon's reputation, became so much frightened as to tremble all over, but was relieved of his trouble by the Doctor, who said: "There are no witches in this house, but plenty of physic, and if you repeat one word of what you have heard I'll give you a deathly dose."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning the Governor and the Burgesses agreed to comply with the demands of Bacon, who was to be commissioned a general of all the forces he could raise and organize; and this commission to be signed and sealed according to the law of the Colony. Bacon appeared so well satisfied as to drop the question of a pardon, as if it were of no consequence; but when the question of who should be his subordinate officers came up he began to show spirit again. The Governor thought it his province to select these men,

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while Bacon thought it belonged to him. The Burgesses divided in opinion, some siding with Berkeley and some with Bacon. A warm debate ensued, which ended in a compromise, offered by Mr. Blayton, which gave to Bacon the selection, but required him to always give the preference to officers at the present time in the service of the militia. To this proposition Bacon agreed, provided the Governor would sign a number of blank commissions, to be put in his hands and to be filled up by him as occasion might require. The Governor hesitated, but as several militia officers then present expressed a willingness to serve in the command of Bacon, and were then and there appointed by him, Berkeley was compelled to give his assent. The Governor and his friends, fully aware that Bacon had the advantage, sought to checkmate him by limiting his command to one thousand men, one-eighth of whom were to be cavalry; but Bacon put himself right again by requiring the House to give him the right of impressing men into his service as well as by voluntary enlistment. He then made them agree that every Indian captured by him should be accounted a slave and treated accordingly.

With these lawful powers in his possession Bacon departed for his own county, rapidly raised a large force, and engaged actively in fighting the Pamunkey Indians. While so employed, Berkeley issued another proclamation, fiercer and more vindictive than the former. In this later document he not only denounced Bacon as a rebel, but set a price upon his head, and took the field against him as commander-in-chief of a much larger army than Bacon's. Drummond and Lawrence were, though, as active as they had been on the former occasion. They excited a civil commotion among the people of the lower counties, which threatened such direful results as to induce Berkeley to turn his attention from his old enemy to the new. Availing himself of this opportunity, General Bacon issued his own proclamation, in which he not only justified himself, but arraigned Berkeley

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as a tyrant, and invited all lovers of liberty to meet him at a hamlet, then known by a forgotten Indian name, and now called Williamsburg, for the purpose of forming a government which would secure to all men the rights and privileges of free born Virginians.

The convention did meet, but none of its acts were of any consequence, save that of providing an oath of true allegiance to Bacon, which was taken by a great many inhabitants of the Colony. In this oath was adroitly inserted a clause which bound the taker of it to support Bacon against all foes until the questions in dispute between him and Berkeley could be decided by Charles II.

This unqualified trust of Bacon no doubt depended upon a love of change and the promise his government gave of improving fortunes by the enslavement of Indians and the opening of avenues to political advancement, up to this time blocked by the personal friends and dependents of the kings and queens of Great Britain. The general unpopularity of Berkeley also inured to the advantage of his rival. The Governor appears to have been as haughty to his equals and inferiors as he was submissive and subservient to those above him. He was supposed to be grasping and unscrupulous; and his reputation for sincerity and truth do not seem to have been of the highest order.

Once aware of the coldness of the lower counties to his cause, of the insecurity of his person and the treasure of the Colony, Berkeley evacuated Jamestown and established his headquarters in the county of Accomac. He appointed Ludwell and Beverly his lieutenants, and made arrangements for a more vigorous prosecution of the war.

Bacon chose to consider the withdrawal of the Governor from the Capitol an abdication of office, and determined to seize the thrown down reins of power and establish his new government upon the foundation of the old one. To this end he issued writs for the election of a House of Burgesses, the right of suffrage remaining unchanged, but

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precautions were taken to exclude the friends of Berkeley, which was effectually accomplished by allowing no one to be a candidate unless he had taken the oath of allegiance to Bacon.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It would now have been very easy for the insurgent general to have occupied Jamestown, and he would have done so had it not been for the want of a naval force. With the exception of *The Duke* he had no craft, and it, with all of its improvements, could not be fought against the smallest sloop of war in the service of Berkeley. If Bacon had taken possession of Jamestown, these armed vessels would have quickly driven him away, with loss of men and prestige both. For this reason he determined to rest his main army for awhile, and to detach sets of bold fellows upon a predatory warfare, with a view to supplying his necessities, either by trick or by treason.

There was a man-of-war at Norfolk called the *Lorimer*, and Colonel Bland, who had been a collector of customs at that port and well acquainted with its ships and sailors, was given a number of men, among whom Barlow and Carver were most conspicuous, and ordered to take it by any means that suggested themselves. The plan adopted was to disguise themselves as Indian girls, and seek admission to the deck of the ship for the purpose of entertaining the men with song and dance. The Captain of the *Lorimer* fell into the trap, and the trick succeeded. After a considerable slaughter the ship surrendered, and by its use a smaller one, called the *Nautilus*, also fell into the hands of Colonel Bland, who, after being reinforced by Bacon with two hundred and fifty men, was ordered to drive Berkeley from the eastern shore of Virginia.

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While this enterprise was proceeding Bacon busied himself in thoroughly organizing and disciplining his army and perfecting a plan for setting up at Jamestown a government which could supply him with a revenue. The want of money had all along been his chief source of trouble, and was becoming more and more so as the war advanced. Mr. Cotton's mission to Massachusetts was designed, first to collect funds, and second to enlist men in the interest of Bacon; but as he had not been heard from, Bacon was beginning to doubt the success of the ambassador, when his uncertainty was put at rest by the arrival in his camp of a man who handed him a letter from Mr. Cotton, which informed the reader that the bearer was no other than the world-renowned Cotton Mather.

This pious man stood full six feet in shoes without heels, and displayed an unusually large pair of legs in white woolen stockings. His age did not extend beyond forty-five; yet his hair, which he wore short, was plentifully sprinkled with gray. A clean-shaven face, a ruddy complexion, and a good-natured expression of countenance, made ample amends for features too heavy and manners indicative of pride and vain-glory.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Mather," said General Bacon.

"Call me Doctor. I am the first L. L. D. ever manufactured by Harvard College, and am proud of the honor. I could read Homer in the original Greek at the age of twelve, and preached my first sermon before arriving at fifteen. I give all the credit to my father, who trained me from the cradle to walk in the paths of wisdom, which, you know, General, is only another name for righteousness. My religion consists more in a rigid discipline of the heart and a literal interpretation of the Bible than in an outward show, either in deportment or in worship. I trow there is not a man in the world who loves political and religious liberty more than I do. As soon as I learned what was going on

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in Virginia, I heard God's voice and observed His hand in the pious work. I lost no time in taking up a collection of money to help you, and though it is no mint, yet it is God's wealth, and will go ten times as far as the lucre of Governor Berkeley or the King of England."

General Bacon expressed his gratitude, and, seeing in Doctor Mather one of those men who like to do all the talking, let him proceed as follows:

"The wickedness of the times is sufficient to make us believe that Satan holds undisputed reign in many parts of the world. My father has just returned from a visit to London, and startled and shocked me with accounts of the modern Gomorrah. Licentiousness holds high carnival in all places save where the Puritans control. Plays are put on the stage that would make a modest man blush in private; the plot invariably depends upon a preacher being caught in *flagrante delicto* with a married woman; and, after this wickedness is enjoyed, dancing-girls come on the stage in skirts not more than ten inches long."

"How did your father find out all this?"

"He went to the theatre to see with his own eyes, in order to testify from his own knowledge; for you must know, General, that preachers, like medical men, are compelled to visit many places on professional business, from which they would like to stay away if their duties to society permitted. Preachers are often unfairly dealt with for this reason. They are charged with being upon errands of vice, when, in fact, they are administering the comforts of the gospel to the sick and the world-weary. By preachers you understand me to mean the Puritans. All priests are merely pulpit hirelings, as John Milton said to my father. Those of the Church of England are the worst, for it is nothing more than the offspring of a religious ravishment; and the child inherited all the vices of its mother and none of its virtues—if there were any to inherit. My father saw the King of England and the

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Bishop of London riding in a coach with Nelly Gwynn for a companion."

"Did he observe any decrease in the witchcraft belief?"

"There is a slight weakening in the doctrine; but we are firmly persuaded of its truth, and will preach it to the end. To change my mind there must be new testimony; and that can only be furnished by another revelation from God, or negative proof coming from scientific observation or experiment. I have no thought of the coming of either. There may be a change of names. What we call witchcraft may hereafter be called something else; but it will be fully as difficult to explain. In my book, *The Invisible World*, I give my theory of witchcraft and my experience with witches. Let terms of designation change as much as they may, my argument will remain forever unanswered."

"I have heard of the book, but have not had opportunity to read it. I do request you, though, Doctor, to say as little as possible on the subject while in Virginia. There are only a few people here who believe in witches, and they are much laughed at by the Cavaliers."

"I will comply with your wishes, General. It is not my plan to do much preaching in this Colony. We must first get control of all these American colonies, and after we establish our political supremacy, we will then give the people a pure religion, which had its birth in the Bible and never passed through the alembic of Rome. As soon as you drive Berkeley out of Virginia, Massachusetts will form an alliance with you. Twenty thousand men, commanded by Goff and Whalley, will march southward, overawing the Dutch in New York, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, and the Catholics in Maryland. The Puritan power will be established, with you at its head as Lord Protector, and me at the head of a religious establishment to be called the Church of America. Then we are ready for Charles II. Let him dare to fight, and we will dethrone and behead him just like our ancestors did his father. Let him come! He

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will march only the faster to perdition!" said the Doctor, growing excited, and walking out of the tent to cool his head, where he was met by a young girl, who, after viewing him for a moment, remarked: "This must be my cousin, Cotton Mather."

"Doctor Mather, of Harvard College, and author of *The Invisible World*," he explained.

"I knew it. I could tell you by your legs. The Cottons all have big legs, and that is the reason the witches don't like them. They all have spindle shanks, and don't like plump foot-handles. I am glad, Cousin Cotton, to see you in Virginia. It is the first time you ever were here, and as soon as we get our independence I hope you will make your home in Jamestown and drive the witches all away."

General Bacon, hearing this conversation through the thin walls of his tent, went out and asked Emma how affairs were in the village.

"We are all delighted to be rid of the Governor and his Cavaliers. The only person who seems a little down is my mother. She misses Colonel Hansford to make love to her; and then Mrs. Grindon is constantly prophesying that my father will come home safe and sound, and that Colonel Hansford is in great danger of being hanged by somebody or other."

"Go home, Emma, and tell your mother Colonel Hansford is with our army, and in no more danger of being hanged than her husband is of being drowned," said the General.

"And also tell her that I will preach to the troops tomorrow on the importance of all people properly comprehending Almighty God," said Doctor Mather, as he put Emma on her horse and started the steed in the direction of Jamestown.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE next day a goodly number of persons from Jamestown and the surrounding country collected at the camp to hear the great Puritan preacher of the North expound the word and explain the ways of his Lord and Master. As there were full two thousand troops around General Bacon, the audience was as large a one as Doctor Mather had ever addressed, and its magnitude seemed to stimulate the powers of his mind and arouse the energies of his spirit. A pulpit had been constructed between two trees and draped with the rainbow flag of the revolutionary army, and it served to give the preacher an opportunity to make a rhetorical figure at the opening of his speech, which saved him the necessity of taking a scrap of Scripture for a text upon which to hang his discourse. It was one of the peculiarities of Mather to preach upon this plan; but it was a novelty to the Virginians, many of whom thought it too much like a lawyer in the court-room, or a candidate on the hustings.

There is a sermon in print, by Saurin, on the incomprehensibility of God, and if the reader is curious to know how Mather treated his subject, all he has to do is to read the Frenchman, and then suppose the Puritan taking the opposite position, so far as argument is concerned, but alike in respect to assuming to hold a colloquy with God, and to push the tragic so far as to cause it to partake of the nature of a comedy.

Mather, for instance, in one part of his sermon, tried to impress upon the minds of his auditors the uncertainty of life, and, after several abstract arguments, came to the concrete in something like the following language:

"More than two thousand listen to me, many of whom are young and strong and healthy, and fondly hope to live to an extended age. Yet persons who have applied themselves to computations of life and death, have arrived at the

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conclusion that the grave claims a yearly tribute of ten per cent. of every population. War adds to this mortality, and I may safely say that out of the two thousand before me not more than fifteen hundred will live to see the day of next year which will be the anniversary of this occasion. How, then, can you delay to be wise? How do you know that you will even live to behold to-morrow's sun? Questions like these cause you to see that humanity is a continual fluctuation, and no man knows at what moment the grave may open and swallow him. I desire all those who expect to be alive this day next year to arise."

Every man, woman, and child immediately stood up erect.

"Much as I thought," continued the Doctor. "In all crowds each individual hopes to be the last one to die."

This caused a good many to laugh; but their mirth and the sermon were both cut short by the sound of the long roll. The soldiers seized their weapons and fell into line; the citizens mounted their horses and made for their homes; the preacher came down from the pulpit, and, taking a gun, stepped into the ranks.

It appeared that the pickets of Bacon's army had been driven in by a regiment of cavalry under the command of Conset Berkeley, who, as soon as he came within range of Bacon's line of battle, wheeled and retired, not, though, without losing one man, whose horse fell and forced him to submit as a prisoner of war. From this man Bacon learned that the expedition of Colonel Bland had failed. Instead of driving Berkeley from the Eastern Shore, he had captured Bland and his ships and his men. The Italians on board the *Lorimer* were induced by their old friend, Colonel Brent, to play traitor. They surrendered the *Lorimer* to him, and with it he soon captured the smaller vessel. Barlow and Carver were hanged, and Colonel Bland had been put in irons.

This being the first reverse of fortune experienced by

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Bacon, had a depressing effect upon his spirits, until Doctor Mather aroused him by saying: "It amounts to nothing in itself. The loss of two ships and a few hundred men can soon be repaired. It is the work of the Lord, to test your faith and patience. In a few days you will see that, so far from being a disaster, it is a fountain from which more good will come than you have ever yet experienced."

CHAPTER XXIX.

As soon as General Bacon discovered in Doctor Mather a man of vigorous intellect, deep learning, indomitable energy, and unflinching courage, he appointed him on his staff, as chaplain to the army, with the military rank of captain of cavalry. The Doctor expressed himself pleased with the compliment, only stipulating that he should still be called by the title he had received from Harvard College. He thought it more durable and more appropriate to a man who wrote *The Invisible World* and preached the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Governor Berkeley, after his success on the Eastern Shore, felt so much encouraged as to again make Jamestown his headquarters, and, after adding a thousand men to his land forces and sixteen sloops to his two ships-of-war, sailed up the river and occupied the Capitol, without meeting with any resistance. General Bacon, well aware of the fact that the possession of the town not only gave Berkeley the prestige of lawful Governor, but likewise served as a fortress in which he could organize and send out armies from the south side, and by his emmissaries encourage the Indians to attack and harrass his adversary from the opposite point of the compass, thought it all important to drive Berkeley away, and would have proceeded to do so at once had it not

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been for the great advantage derived by Berkeley from his superior naval armament. With the exception of *The Duke*, Bacon was entirely destitute of armed craft, and it was not capable of contending with the *Lorimer* alone. If Bacon approached the town near enough to bring it under his guns, a destructive fire would be poured into his ranks from the ships of Berkeley on the east, west, and south sides of the village. Nor was there any possibility for him to entrench under these circumstances. His men would be killed before they could dig a ditch in which to shelter themselves from the land batteries.

Upon consultation with Doctor Mather a brilliant idea was developed, which Bacon determined to put to a practical purpose without delay. He approached the town in the depths of a dark night, threw up his first parallel on the isthmus not far from the north shore of the river, made the work as strong as possible, and at dawn of day sent into the town a set of his most daring men, with orders to seize and bring out the wives of the most celebrated Cavaliers. The enterprise succeeded. In a little while the soldiers returned with Lady Berkeley, the wife of the Governor; Mrs. Ballard, the wife of the treasurer; Mrs. Page, the wife of the war minister; and Mrs. Bray, the wife of the surgeon-general. These ladies had been seized in their beds, torn from the arms of their husbands, and brought out with no other raiment than their bed-gowns. They were made to stand upon the rampart of Bacon's first parallel in such a position as to render their deaths inevitable if Berkely fired at Bacon's men while they were engaged in constructing the second line of approach. As the weather was extremely hot, these ladies did not suffer from the scantiness of their clothing, and as the soldiers were too busy to peep, their modesty was not immediately put to the blush.

At first they wept and moaned and prayed. By and by they began to scold and to criminate. They had never, in the whole course of their lives, known such treatment of the

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fair sex, and could only understand it upon the grounds of it being consistent with the character of a plebian rebel like Bacon, who Lady Berkeley now bitterly regretted ever having admitted into her company. Mrs. Bray had never had anything to do with him. She knew what manner of man he was as soon as he showed a fondness for such a girl as Emma Cotton. Mrs. Ballard attributed it all to the envy poor people always have for the rich; while Mrs. Page felt satisfied that the man had imbibed some of the malice of witchcraft from frequent associations with the Grindons.

Near to each of these ladies stood a sentinel; but none of them attracted the particular notice of her guard except Mrs. Page, who, being young and pretty, soon observed the eager looks of the man standing by her side, who happened to be the Italian named Cluverius—a black-eyed and black-haired man with a thin visage and rather short legs.

Mrs. Page, thinking from his looks that he might be turned to account, began conversation by asking his name, and upon hearing it remarked: "It is mentioned by Juvernal as a contemporary Latin poet."

"He was one of my ancestors," the man replied, with a look of pride.

"Strange, indeed! You, a man of noble blood and lineage, to be in the service of a vulgar rebel like this Nat. Bacon.

"Poverty, my lady, makes strange bedfellows. If I were rich, I would be on your side."

"You can make a fortune in a little time. Your countrymen who gave up the *Lorimer* have been richly rewarded for their loyalty. Bacon deceived them, and Colonel Brent undeceived them. If they had continued with Bacon they would have met the gallows; by being loyal they met wealth and respect. Why not make your fortune, and gain applause like they did?"

"I have no ship to give up, my lady—nothing but this one gun."

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"You can do much more than give up a ship. You can stop this rebellion in a day or two."

"How, my lady?"

"You see this little vial. It contains medicine given me by my doctor for my cough. One drop is a dose for me; twenty drops will kill the strongest man. Take it, and the first chance you get give it all at one dose to Nat. Bacon. He is a condemned criminal, and you do no murder in putting him to death," Mrs. Page said, as she handed the vial, between two golden guineas, to the man, whose face expressed greed as he slipped it into his pocket.

"As soon as you poison Bacon I will give you a thousand pieces."

"And your ladyship's love?"

Mrs. Page paused a moment, and then, with a blushing face, replied: "Yes; my love."

The corporal of the guard, observing the flushed face of the lady, walked up to Cluverius, and said: "You must not make love to the prisoners. I never knew a fellow so fond of the women. Come; I will lead you out of temptation. What did the woman give you? I saw her pass something," said the corporal, as he marched Cluverius to a distant post.

"She gave me a shilling for a drink of water," he replied.

CHAPTER XXX.

BERKELEY and his lieutenants held anxious and protracted consultations, and, while doing so, gave Bacon ample time to complete his second parallel and to put his guns into such a position as to command the town. Neither a cannonade from the ships nor a sally of infantry could now avail either to save the Capital of the Colony or to rescue the most in-

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teresting portion of its population. As the sun rose higher in the heavens and began to shed its intolerable rays, the agony of these ladies grew apace; and when Berkeley's flag of truce arrived they urged the bearers to make any sacrifice of military advantage or of personal honor that would give them a chance to change their night-gowns, now drenched with perspiration, for robes suitable to their rank and station in Cavalier life.

Berkeley offered to evacuate Jamestown upon condition of Bacon surrendering the prisoners; but the rebel leader demanded a good deal more. He required the giving up of Colonel Bland, and all the prisoners captured by Berkeley, along with that unfortunate officer.

The flag of truce had no authority to yield so much, and was about to return to the town for further orders, when Lady Berkeley cried out: "Give him everything he wants—even the Governor's head. We can't stand out here and perspire like watering-pots, while the men are drinking wine and talking politics in town. I'll take the responsibility."

"Our night-gowns are now sticking tight to our persons, and the soldiers looking at us as if we were naked," said Mrs. Ballard.

"And the heat has greatly increased my cough; in another hour I will have pleurisy," added Mrs. Page.

"I am willing to make any sacrifice within reason for the sake of the Colony, but when it comes to standing out here in a wet night-gown, with a crowd of vulgar men gaping and gazing like a set of fools, I must say that my patriotism feels too heavy a draught upon it," said Mrs. Bray, who, being the fattest of the females, appeared to suffer the most.

The flag-officer thereupon acceded to the demands of Bacon, and the ladies, once at liberty, began to give the general pieces of their minds, which, being far from complimentary, need not be set down at this place. Suffice it to say, that they scolded over their shoulders as long as

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their voices could be heard by Bacon and his staff; and he, expressing some surprise at the affluence of their epithets, had it all explained to him by Doctor Mather, who said: "A woman is never thoroughly herself except when she is in love or in anger."

When Bacon entered the village he found the big guns all spiked, and the houses of Cavaliers destitute of inhabitants. Berkeley, in his hurry, had, however, left a few casks of wine and a considerable supply of corn and leather. The wine was quickly consumed, and the other articles distributed among the troops most in need of food and foot-gear. A few horses and cows were also found, but they were of little value. The empty houses were ransacked by the soldiers in hopes of finding money or clothing, but they came upon nothing save the damp night-robes thrown off by the ladies, who left them behind either because they were not dry enough to pack in the trunks or because they were associated with a hateful experience.

Some of the soldiers paraded the streets with these gowns on poles as burlesque trophies of victory, and as they passed the Cotton tavern, Emma, who stood by General Bacon and Doctor Mather, remarked: "When I first looked out of the window this morning and saw those women standing down there, I thought they were a set of witches fresh from Massachusetts, come to help old Mrs. Grindon to turn bullets aside and tie knots in the legs of the Cavaliers. When I learned who they were, sure enough, I laughed at them. They have all along been making fun of us. They say the Puritan women have no modesty, and don't know how to behave themselves; but nobody ever saw any of our women standing in public places with nothing on but their shifts."

"Why do you call it a shift? In Harvard College, and in my *Invisible World*, a woman's nether garment is called a shirt," said the Doctor.

"We call it so in Virginia, because it is so easy to get in

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and to get out of. You just jump in and shake off," replied Emma.

"My ladies, though, had on gowns. Their arms and legs were as invisible as is the world Doctor Mather discusses in his book," said General Bacon.

"Why then, didn't your men carry out Lady Fanny Berkeley?" Emma asked.

"Because they had orders not to molest any unmarried woman," he replied.

"I hadn't thought of it. Single women are the most modest. I marvel how my mother can let Colonel Hansford make so much love to her while my father is away. The very first thing the colonel did after bringing his regiment into town was to hunt up my mother, and they have been talking and making love ever since."

"The colonel's amours will have to be disturbed. Go and tell him, Emma, that his presence is needed in the council of war we are going to hold," said Bacon.

"I will go and tell him, and, to make him come, I will add that my father has just arrived in a bad humor from Massachusetts."

CHAPTER XXXI.

It being impossible for Bacon to hold Jamestown in the face of Berkeley's more formidable naval armament, and politically important to prevent Berkeley from again occupying it as his base of military operations, or as the lawful Capital of the Colony, it was determined to reduce the village to solitary chimneys and smouldering ashes. The remonstrance of the Puritan property-holders was appeased as far as possible by appeals to their patriotism, to their religious enthusiasm, and to a solemn assurance of full and complete compensation for their losses as soon as Bacon's

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government could raise the needed sums of money. With the exception of the Governor's house, much the best buildings were owned by Drummond and Lawrence, and these two men anticipated the order of Bacon by setting fire to their own houses, from which the conflagration spread until the whole village became enveloped in devouring flames.

Nearly all of the inhabitants owned plantations at no great distance from the town, and had sought it as a place of residence, either for its greater social advantages or for the better security it afforded from the dangers of Indian depredations. After the destruction these people retired to their farms, taking with them as guests those who did not own this kind of property. As these parties left the ashes of their old homes they cast long and lingering looks behind, and often wept like mourners who depart from graves where they have put away forever some loved one whose life formed a part of their own and in whose death they feel the touch of the finger of the destroying angel. In these destroyed houses many of them had first seen the light of day, had heard the whispered vows of lovers, and had felt the ecstatic joys of early wedlock. From them they had followed their ancestors, and sometimes their posterity, to a necropolis now marked by the solitary tower of the first church built in Virginia, and shaded by willows and cypress of their own planting.

The site of Jamestown had never been considered salubrious. It was surrounded by extensive swamps from which mephitic exhalations were constantly arising, and its drinking water, coming through a formation of marl, was neither pleasant to the taste nor possessed of wholesome properties. The topography of the place has much changed since the time of which we write. In a little while the river worked its way into the trenches cut by Bacon, and first severed the site from the north shore and made it an island, and then, by constant encroachment, reduced its area from thousands of acres to hundreds. For more than two centuries this

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island, with its church-tower, its old tombs, and its sentimental suggestions, has possessed a peculiar charm for all lovers of antiquity. In times of peace and prosperity it is the Mecca of many pilgrims, who go there to ponder amid its melancholy shades; and when war and tumult rage and roar, soldiers pay a pious regard for a spot of earth in which mingles the dust of the earliest settlers of Virginia, and where the first blow was struck for the independence of the American Colonies.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was well for Bacon that he acted as he did. Brent was advancing with a force of twelve hundred men to raise the siege of Jamestown; and if Bacon had not rapidly sought the main-land, Brent would have occupied the works on the isthmus, cut off that line of retreat, and put Bacon at the mercy of the ships-of-war in the river. Berkeley made a landing some fifty miles lower down, and then marched to unite his forces with those of Brent and crush Bacon at a blow. Bacon, to foil this endeavor, moved with all speed to strike Brent before the juncture could be effected. The two armies met, and, after cannonading each other for awhile, Brent, who had suffered much from the desertion of his men, retired from the field and marched eastward until he united his forces with those of Berkeley. The combined army then retired to Accomac county, while Bacon took possession of the Green Spring plantation of the Governor, which he made his headquarters; and, by sending detachments of troops to Gloucester and other counties, induced so many people to take his oath of allegiance as to make him master of the entire western part of the Colony, leaving only the narrow slip of land called the Eastern Shore in possession of Berkeley.

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The Green Spring plantation, as we have said, was a large and beautiful estate, with houses and other accommodations for many men and horses. Bacon determined to stop here for rest, to perfect his organization, and to wait a reasonable time for the arrival of some ships from Massachusetts, which dispatches from Mr. Cotton lead him to think would soon be in Virginia waters. The *Epsilon* had returned from its cruise against the pirates on the coast, and its addition to the fleet of Berkeley made him safe until Bacon could build or buy a sufficient number of ships for naval warfare.

Among the refugees from Jamestown, who formed a part of Bacon's military family, or ornamented his court, were Doctor and Mrs. Grindon, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond and their five children, Mrs. Cotton and her two girls. Lawrence took a commission in the army, which, as now organized, had Bacon for general-in-chief, with Ingram as his lieutenant. Walklett and Wilford were division generals; Cheeseman, Græme, and Harris commanded brigades, with thirteen colonels for as many battallions.

The army was well supplied with food and clothing, and their guns were equal in make and metal to those of their adversary. The chief trouble arose from a scarcity of money and gunpowder. The sum brought by Doctor Mather had long since been exhausted, and as Bacon had not had time to levy and collect a tax, his chief reliance was upon loans from the friends of his cause, among whom the most opulent and liberal was Mr. Duke, his old rival for the honor of representing Henrico in the Colonial Assembly. If it had not been for the deposit of sulphur in the neighborhood of the falls of James river, this problem of a supply of powder would have been one of difficult solution; but it sufficed for the present necessities of the army, and Bacon hoped before its exhaustion to open commercial relations with other parts of the world. As the Italian Cluverius professed to be in possession of a certain kind of knowledge by which gunpowder could be made by using only half as much sulphur

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as usually required, Bacon put him at the head of the ammunition department of the army, and this appointment gave Cluverius as easy an access to the general as if he had been a member of his staff.

The recreations of the army were hunting and fishing, for those men who had a taste for avaricious sporting, and reading and recitation for those who inclined to literary enjoyment. Some years previous Ovid had been translated by a gentleman named Sandys, who lived upon a Virginia plantation and was for awhile the treasurer of the Colony. Emma Cotton possessed a clear soprano voice, and not being very familiar with the English, in reading, made the language move so slowly as to cause it to bear a certain resemblance to the Latin, and for this reason was selected to read the *Fasti of Ovid*, as rendered by Sandys. Cotton Mather being an LL. D., and author of the *Invisible World*, was appointed critic, while the others were expected not to do much more than listen and applaud either the poet or the preacher.

Upon one occasion Emma read as follows:

"Say, Janus, why do we begin the year
In Winter? It would best in Spring appear.
All things are then renewed—a youthful charm
Adorns the fields, and fructifies the farm;
New swelling buds appear upon the vine,
And apple blossoms 'round the orchards shine;
Birds fill the air with their harmonious lay,
And lambkins in the meadow skip and play;
The swallow then forsakes her Winter's rest,
And in the chimney, chattering, makes her nest;
And fields are then refreshed by farmers' care:
Why not call Spring the opening of the year?
To my long question Janus brief replied,
And his whole answer in two verses tied:"

"The Winter tropic ends the solar race,
Which is begun again from the same place;
And to explain more fully what you crave,
The sun and year the same beginning have."

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"But why, on New Year's Day," said I again,
"Are suits commenced in court?" "The reason's plain,"
Replied the god, "that business may be done,
And active labor emulate the sun.
With business is the year auspiciously begun;
But every artist, soon as he has tried
His tools a little, lays his work aside."
"Then I: But further, mighty Janus, say:
When to the gods we our devotions pay,
Why wine and incense first to thee are given?"
"Because," said he, "I hold the keys of heaven."
"But why on New Year's Day are presents made,
And more than common salutations paid?"
Then, leaning on his staff the god replies:
"In all beginnings there an omen lies;
From the first word we guess the whole design,
As augurs from the first-seen bird divine;
The gods attend to every mortal's prayer—
Their ears and temples always open are."

"A very defective translation. Sandys only gives us the ideas of Ovid, and this any school-boy of fourteen years can do. It is probable that nothing more different from Ovid, in Latin, than this Ovid, in English, ever has or ever will be written. A poet like Ovid, whose chief beauties consist more in forms of expression than in delicacy of sentiment, must, necessarily, be very difficult to translate. A fine sentiment may be conveyed several different ways without impairing its vigor; but a sentence elegantly turned will scarce admit of the slightest variation without losing some, if not all, of its delicate beauty. This performance before us will serve to convince all who read it that Ovid is much easier to admire than to imitate, and that although Mr. Sandys may have felt the beauties of his original, yet he lacked the power of giving them expression. A kindred spirit must always animate a translator to make him happy; and Sandys being deficient in this respect, we are compelled to deny him a place in the heraldry of Parnassus," said Doctor Mather, as critic of Emma's reading.

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"Here is something called the *Art of Love*. Must I read it? No; Colonel Hansford knows more about making love than Ovid ever knew or heard tell of. How would it do, general, to ask the colonel to preach us a sermon on the subject of love-making," said Emma.

"Hansford's duty is to command the pickets, and out there he must stay," replied Bacon.

Emma turned over the pages of the second book of *Fasti*, until she came to the tender and interesting story of Tarquin and Lucretia, and, as it discussed the warmest kind of warm love, she began to read the English of Sandys, when the Doctor stopped her, by saying: "Read the Latin, and I will then translate it into proper English."

She began:

> "Ardet, et injusti stimulis agitatus amoris,
> Comparat indigno vimque dolumque toro,
> Exitus in dubio est"—

when the general remarked: "I don't know, Emma, which it is; but either your English or Latin has given me a violent headache, and I must seek rest and quiet. You and the Doctor can continue to read and translate."

"I hope you will be vastly better in the morning. Headache is much easier to get over than the heartache," said Emma, as Bacon retired.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

To the surprise and regret of them all, the next morning found General Bacon far from well. The acuteness of his headache had subsided, but a dull sense of oppression remained, and along with it a flush of the face and an uneasiness in the region of the epigastrium. There being little fur on the tongue and no great acceleration of the pulse,

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Doctor Grindon arrived at the conclusion that his patient suffered from incipient fever of the bilious type, the germs of which, he thought, had entered the blood while Bacon was in the trenches before Jamestown. Doctor Grindon, like all other physicians of the times, highly esteemed sulphur as a laxative and alterative, and thought it, along with rest and abstinence, sufficient for the cure of the sick man. Having no sulphur in his pharmacy suitable for internal administration, he applied to Cluverius, who being likewise deficient, was ordered first to sublimate the brimstone he had, to get rid of its earthy particles, and then to wash the flowers thus obtained in boiling water, to free it from the acid it still retained.

In a little while the Italian brought to the Doctor a pale yellow powder, free from grit and taste, and it appearing all that could be desired, the Doctor ordered Cluverius to dissolve half a drachm in water and give it to the general to drink at intervals of four hours. Grindon, having many other patients to visit, left Bacon to the care of the Italian, who proceeded to compound the prescription.

The sulphur would not dissolve in the water. It only disintegrated, making a glassful of a thick, yellow-looking mixture; and as Bacon hesitated to swallow the dose, Emma Cotton came into the room, and said: "I never saw such a witch-broth. It will kill you. Don't take it. Make Cluverius swallow his own physic, and see how it treats him before you try any of the stuff."

"The Italian laughed, and before being bid to do so, took the whole dose at one draught, and, wiping his mouth, remarked: "Sulphur can't hurt anybody. I wouldn't be afraid to take a dose every day in the year."

"I thought, as gunpowder is made out of sulphur, and it kills a great many, the sulphur by itself might be dangerous. Go and fix up another glass for the general."

Cluverius complied; and Bacon having taken the medicine, said it refreshed him, and requested Emma to sit by

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the bed-side and read portions of her cousin Cotton's *Invisible World.*

"He will be in here directly, and will read better than I can. You ought to have heard him turn Ovid into English last night. He knows the Latin better than I do the multiplication table; but that isn't saying much for him, for I often forget how much nine times eight is, while he never forgets a word of the Latin; and he knows the Greek just as well; but as I can't read the Greek characters, there was no way to examine him last night; but when he comes in you may ask him a few questions," said Emma.

"It would not be suitable for me to put an LL. D. upon an examination."

"He is one of those kind of men who like to be asked questions; and the harder the question the more is he pleased. If he wasn't a preacher he would be the best school-master in the world—that is, if he could bring himself to whip the boys; but I don't think he could, as he is like all the other Cottons—good-natured and fond of fun."

"With this kind of conversation Emma continued to entertain General Bacon, until Doctor Mather made his appearance, when it turned upon subjects of a more important character. Information had been received from Massachusetts to the effect that the Puritan people all through New England were warm to the cause of Bacon. Considerable sums of money had been raised and a number of men secretly enlisted and organized for the purpose of giving Goff and Whalley an army strong enough to sweep all resistance out of the way as it marched through the intervening colonies, and after uniting with Bacon, to put him in a position to successfully contend with Charles II, if that monarch should be rash enough to go to war with the American colonists.

"I know Goff and Whalley," said the Doctor; "they were thoroughly trained in the army of Cromwell, and enjoyed his full confidence. They are both regicides, and for years have been dodging the hangmen of Charles II by

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keeping themselves concealed in the house of Mr. Williams, in the village of Hadley. You can well imagine how irksome a life of this kind is to men like them. Some years ago the Pequod Indians made a raid on the village, and had gained great advantages over the citizens, who fought ill for the want of a good leader. Suddenly two unknown men appeared among the people, rallied them, took command, formed them into column, and led them against the Indians with such dash and daring as to first frighten and then to put the savages to flight. These leaders, after the victory, left the field as suddenly and mysteriously as they had come upon it. Many of the citizens thought the Lord dropped them down from heaven to save the saints, and the good work done, drew them back again to the realms of bliss."

"Those men were Goff and Whalley?"

"Yes. No one knew who they were except Mr. Williams, and he gave me the knowledge. We must keep the secret until our victory is complete. Imagine how those men will fight! First, for their personal freedom; second, for religion; and third, to get their necks out of the rope Charles II has put around them. Nothing will make a man fight so well as a sense of having to hang by the neck if he is whipped in the field."

"We have ropes around our necks as well as they have. If we fall into the hands of Berkeley, he will hang every one of us."

"Very true; but it will make little difference to Goff and Whalley whether they are choked by Charles' or by Berkeley's rope. Men are as often, in these times, hanged for their virtues as for their crimes; but the rope feels the same way under either circumstance. In my *Invisible World*, I discuss this question of death. It seems to me that what we call the greatest punishment is, in fact, the least, after it is all over. The hangman puts a man to death to day, and may himself have to sicken and die to-morrow, or under any circumstances, within a few years. The man who has

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already gone through the gloomy gate is better off than the man who is marching up to it."

"If your view is right, then we labor against our best cure when we take medicine to cure sickness. If death is our best friend, we ought to let him have his own way. Instead of doing so, we fight him off as long as we can."

"To rise above the fear of death a man must either have an unfaltering faith in religion, or he must be a profound philosopher. He must either think that death will usher him into an eternal life of bliss or into annihilation. I have the faith, but am often tempted to be a philosopher. I attribute it to the workings of witches, who are the angels of hell and the authors of all the evils in the world. Whenever I hear of an infidel or an atheist, I know that he is the victim of a witch; and whenever a pious person steps aside, I attribute it to the same malign influence. Why the Lord permitted Adam to sin and to bring evil into the world is often asked. He did not permit it; Adam was led astray by witches, who were created not by God, but by the devil; and it is as impossible for the Lord to destroy the devil as it is for him to commit suicide."

"Do you mean that it is impossible for the Lord or the devil to commit the act of self-destruction?"

"Both. The Lord could no more destroy himself than he could state a falsehood. If the Lord should say that this world of ours is a lump of sugar, it would immediately become sugar. This shows that there are impossibilities with him, and one is an inability to make way with himself. If the devil could commit suicide, he would have been out of existence a long time ago. The misery of his existence would, naturally, seek that oblivion. But, like God, the devil is immortal; and the two are constantly at war with each other—all good coming from God, and all evil from the devil. Calvin's creed is much objected to by people who do not understand it. They say it charges God with injustice, when, in fact, it only admits that the devil some-

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times defeats God, and gets possession of so many persons, despite the will of God. These devil-owned people are the lost, for after death they go to their master; the elect are God's people, and after death they go to Him. The devil seizes and holds his people in the world through the agency of witches, who are invisible inhabitants of the air, and are constantly trying to get into the bodies of people, just as if they were germs of a fever or some other malignant disease. If they succeed in effecting an entrance, that person at once becomes entirely evil and incapable of any good. Christ was the only man who could expel them, which, of itself, proves his divine origin. If other men could do likewise, then we might doubt his claim to be the Son of God. The elect are those persons who have a power of resisting the entrance of the witches into their bodies, just as some people resist the entrance of the germs of disease, and go through life in a state of continued health. But these persons are often menaced by witches, who tempt them to atheism, and, though they may sometimes yield a little, they ultimately recover their lost ground, just like healthy people sometimes yield a little to disease, and quickly get well. This is what we mean when we say that a person once in grace can never fall therefrom. Grace means that we belong to God; that we are proof against the devil and his witches; and although we may err and stray a little, like lost sheep, ultimately we return to the fold of our Father, and enjoy the blessing of his power," said Doctor Mather.

"How do you argue as regards children and heathens?"

"The question only perplexes by reason of the limited powers of the human mind. It is beyond our grasp. We can no more answer it than we can the question as to how God and the devil came into existence. There is a seeming paradox in all theology. We arrive at the conclusion that nothing can exist without a creator, from our observation of the universe; yet we have to admit that God and the devil are self-created, or exist independent of a creating cause.

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The apparent contradiction disappears, though, as soon as we consider the difference between subjective and objective reasoning. All of our ideas are engendered by sensations—that is, ideas relative to the visible world; but when we come to consider God, there is no sensation which can give us an idea as to what He is as a personality. Nor can we consider Him a spirit; for of spirits we have no sensational knowledge. If we make God a man, we invest Him with the attributes of the flesh; we imagine Him eating, drinking, and wearing clothes."

"And falling in love and getting married," interposed Emma.

"This theology is too deep for one of your age. You will have to learn the Greek and Latin before you are able to follow me."

"I have, Cousin Cotton, read your *Invisible World*, and understand it, especially that part of it which relates to witches. I have been bewitched three times by old Mrs. Grindon; and if General Bacon hadn't saved her life, and made her feel grateful, she would have bewitched me to death long before this time."

"A witch has no sense of gratitude. They know nothing but wickedness. Gratitude belong to a Christianized mind. It is a pure and unselfish emotion. We feel grateful to God because we belong to him, and are kept from evil by His power. If it were not for this we might fall from grace; but we cannot—no more than a slave can set himself free by running away from his master. The slave while in the woods may for awhile fancy himself free, but he will ultimately be brought back to his allegiance," said the Doctor, when they were startled by a sound which the gentleman thought the call of the trumpet, but Emma knew to be only a blast on Doctor Grindon's nose.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE physician found his patient so much improved as to predict his complete restoration to health before the passing of another twenty-four hours, and was dilating on the medicating properties of sulphur, when a courier arrived from Colonel Hansford with the unexpected intelligence that a considerable force of hostile cavalry menaced his lines of pickets, and suggested the wisdom of reinforcements.

As General Bacon could not gain the permission of Doctor Grindon to take the saddle, he gave the command of the army to Ingram, who immediately ordered every officer to his post. A battle being apprehended, the women proceeded to pack their trunks, with a view to being ready for any movement of the camp that might be made necessary by the engagement, and Doctor Grindon went to the front to administer to those who might happen to need his surgical skill. This left General Bacon to the exclusive care of Cluverius, who having proven himself a good nurse and something of an apothecary, was considered a safe and sufficient attendant for one night.

Berkeley's cavalry, under command of his sons, Conset and Giles, skirmished with Hansford until his reinforcement, and then retired; but Ingram, suspecting that the young Berkeleys had merely fallen back upon the grand army of their father, and that there would be an advance in full force during the night, kept his own men constantly on the alert. Ingram, though, was disappointed. The darkness was not illuminated by the flash of gunpowder, nor the stillness broken by the roar of artillery.

The next day dawned bright and brilliant upon a field devoid of any sign or symptom of the enemy, and scouts sent out by Ingram returned with the information that the young Berkeleys had indefinitely retreated. Ingram and Grindon rode back to the headquarters, where they hoped

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to find Bacon greatly refreshed by the quiet of the night and the virtue of the sulphur. The first objects that presented themselves when they entered the enclosure were a number of negroes, weeping, wailing, and wringing their hands; the next, the ladies of the court, who rapidly walked to and fro upon the long porch of the house, occasionally uttering cries of despair; and then they observed Cluverius upon his knees saying his prayers and counting his beads. To this last-named individual, Ingram addressed himself, and after hearing a number of groans and deprecations, was informed of the death of General Bacon.

"Dead! Impossible! What killed him?" cried Ingram, drawing his sword and looking so fiercely at the Italian as to cause him to start back a step or two.

"Did you give him the sulphur as I directed?" Doctor Grindon asked, blowing his nose so loud as to make Cluverius retreat still more.

"You are a traitor! You poisoned Bacon, you scoundrel!" said Ingram; and then ordered Cluverius to be put under arrest for trial before a court-martial.

The Italian asserted his innocence with the most vehement energy. He said he gave the general his last dose of sulphur at twelve o'clock, and the patient soon after falling into a sweet sleep, the nurse sought his own couch and slept till sunrise, when he arose, and approaching the bed was horrified to find the general cold in death.

"It was either poison or witchcraft that killed him. There are no witches in Virginia, except your wife, Doctor; and I don't think she would have been wicked enough to kill General Bacon after he saved her life and fought for her religion. Cluverius poisoned him, you may be sure. I never liked his looks. His eyes glitter like a snake's, and he has a greedy look about his mouth He must be put to death; and if I were you, General Ingram, I'd hang him without the use of a court-martial. A dreadful state of affairs, indeed! The Puritan religion (Cluverius being a

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Catholic, never liked it) will now have to hide itself again; and I, who was engaged to General Bacon, will have to die an old maid. I can't control my grief; it is worse than death," cried Emma—while the Doctor proceeded to examine the body of the dead man.

There being no evidence of his death having been a painful one, and no sign of any kind of injury having been inflicted, the Doctor had nearly reached the conclusion that Bacon died from some affection of the heart, when his mind wavered upon detecting an odor of peach-blossoms issuing from the mouth of the dead man.

The prussic acid of the modern pharmacopœia was unknown to Doctor Grindon—it not having been admitted into the British codex until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it was first obtained by treating the ferrocyanuret of potassium with sulphuric acid; but a preparation called the oil of bitter almonds, possessing some of the poisonous properties of hydrochyanic acid, was not only known to him, but likewise to the Indians, who frequently used it as a means of self-destruction. This oil, in small doses, was then, as it is now, highly esteemed as a remedy for nearly all the diseases of the air-passages, especially those arising from inflammations engendered by damp and cold. As it could be extracted from the kernels of peaches, the leaves of laurel, and the bark of the wild cherry-tree, it came within the easy acquisition of any person, and was much used in the domestic practice of physic. The thought, therefore, naturally sprung up in the mind of the Doctor that Bacon had either poisoned himself or had been unfairly dealt with by his nurse. Cluverius, being the only person who had an opportunity either to observe the suicide or to commit the murder, was subjected to a very rigid cross-examination, which he stood remarkably well. The only suspicious circumstance appearing against him resulted from the testimony of the corporal, who spoke of having seen Cluverius in conversation with Mrs. Page, while she and the other

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ladies stood upon the breastworks before Jamestown; and also that he saw the lady pass something to her guard, which he said was a shilling given for a drink of water.

Cluverius not only insisted upon the truth of what he had then said, but confirmed it as well as he could by taking a piece of money from his pocket and handing it to General Ingram as the very shilling Mrs. Page gave him.

The piece of silver was bright, new, and stamped with a date of British coinage so recent as to render fair the presumption that it could not have long been out of the hands of some one closely attached to the government of Lord Berkeley.

"As the lady prisoners only had on their night-gowns, how did Mrs. Page carry her money?" Ingram asked.

"She carried a small bag or reticule in her hand," Cluverius answered.

The man who snatched Mrs. Page out of the arms of her husband, on the morning in question, was found, and, upon being told to give an account of the whole transaction, testified as follows:

"According to orders, I broke into the house of Mr. Page, and after knocking down a few negroes with the but-end of my gun, made my way into the chamber, where I found Mr. Page and his wife in bed, hugging and kissing and fondling like they were taking an affectionate leave of each other in this world, to be renewed upon the same plan in the next. They had heard my noise and the screams of the negroes, and thought the day of judgment or General Bacon had come, sure enough. Mr. Page was more frightened than his wife, who, like all pretty women, didn't seem to think I had any thought of hurting her. I strengthened her in this opinion by telling her that she was a perfect beauty; whereupon, she asked leave to put on some top-clothes before making a public appearance. I told her there was no time to lose; and besides this, that her night-gown added to her charms. She then said she had

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a cold, and wished to take her cough-mixture with her. I making no objection, she picked up a reticule from the table, which I felt, and found it had nothing in it except a small bottle and some pieces of money; but whether gold or silver I can't say. I felt sorry to leave Mr. Page alive and alone in his bed, but as I had no orders to kill him, there was nothing else to do. On our way to the works Mrs. Page preferred taking my arm, as a friendly escort, to letting me put my arm around her waist, as a military guard. I felt the power of her beauty, and let her have her own way as much as orders permitted, even so far as to let her stop a little while in a lane, while I stood with my back to her. I noticed that she once or twice did put the bottle to her lips, but took, as I thought, a very small dose of the physic. Mrs. Page appeared to be a good-tempered woman. She several times laughed at the anger of the other ladies, whose guards would not allow them to stop in the lanes, but kept them moving on. When Mrs. Page complained of the gravels hurting her naked feet, I took off my mittens and put them on her feet—the prettiest feet I ever did see. I have the mittens yet. She gave them back to me, and here they are."

This being all the testimony that could be brought forward, and it falling far short of proving any guilt on Cluverius, General Ingram discharged him from custody with the remark: "Your future behavior as a soldier will either strengthen the suspicions against you or clear them entirely away. Go, and by courage and fidelity prove yourself an honest man."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE next day the funeral rites of General Bacon were celebrated in the presence of the whole army, and in the depths of an unbroken forest. Doctor Mather gave out the

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well-known hymn of Prudentius for the burial of the dead, to have it sung by thousands of voices, and then pronounced the funeral oration, which was distinguished by beauty, brevity, flights of imagination suggested by his subject and his surroundings, and by that peculiar charm of all eloquent speaking, which depends upon the orator forgetting himself in his devotion to his theme. The coffin, wrapped in the rainbow flag, was then lowered to its resting-place, the loose earth then thrown in, and the entire army in column marched over the grave of its first general. Ingram had this done with a view to protect the body of Bacon from the insults of Berkeley, if the fortunes of war should chance to again throw this part of Virginia into his possession. He accomplished this object, and also that uncontemplated one of rendering the grave of Bacon as unknown as the sepulchre of Oliver Cromwell, and preventing posterity from making pilgrimages to his tomb and paying honors to his ashes.

The chief command of the army now belonging to Ingram, he proceeded to make preparations for the vigorous prosecution of the war. His first act was to make Walklett his lieutenant, and in so doing gave offense to all the other division generals, each one of whom thought himself more deserving of the promotion. His next was to make West Point (a place where the Pamunkey and the Matapony rivers unite to form the York) his base of operations. Ingram thought it a stronger military position than Green Spring, while a majority of his officers were of a contrary opinion, and reluctantly marched with the main body of the army to West Point, leaving Green Spring in care of Colonel Hansford and Colonel Lawrence with their two battalions—one of infantry and the other of cavalry.

Berkeley, taking advantage of this military blunder, sailed up the York river, made a landing far above West Point, and, by a rapid march across the country, surprised Green Spring, and with ease captured its colonels and their entire commands. Hansford had fallen so much in love with Mrs.

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Cotton as to neglect his military duties, and Lawrence had become so much attached to an Indian girl as to be equally negligent. These two colonels were immediately hanged by Berkeley; and as Hansford swung off first, he is entitled to the questionable honor of having been the first man to die with a rope around his neck in the Colony of Virginia. Barlow and Carver were hanged at sea.

The private soldiers were pardoned upon renewing their allegiance to Berkeley, and the women and children were allowed to seek shelter upon any other plantations than that of the Governor. Mrs. Cotton and her two girls thought it the wiser plan to put themselves under the protection of Doctor Mather, who was with Ingram at West Point; and after undergoing much fatigue and escaping some dangers, accomplished their object.

"I am afraid, Cousin Cotton, that everything is going to ruin. It is all owing to the witchcraft of Mrs. Grindon. She never did like me or my mother. She couldn't bear the idea of General Bacon marrying me, and she made Cluverius poison him; she made a fool of Hansford because he seemed to be in love with my mother; but it was innocent love. The Colonel just liked to talk nonsense with her because she is a pretty woman. The Colonel didn't enjoy hanging at all. He tried to make peace with Berkeley, and so did Lawrence. The Governor told both of them that he wouldn't give a penny for men who neglected their military duties to make love to married women and copper-colored girls. I thought, Cousin Cotton, that the Governor was about half right. Love is a very good thing when it is in the proper place; but a soldier must never let it come between him and his business. General Bacon was deep in love with me, but left the love-making to me, where it properly belonged. If he had lived we would have married at the end of the war," said Emma.

"I am as well informed on the subject of witches as a man can be, and am at a loss to understand how old Mrs.

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Grindon could have brought about these results. Still I agree with you that an ugly turn has taken place in our affairs. The loss of Bacon cannot be repaired. In periods of social convulsions, like this one, the fate of parties and the success of causes depend upon the lives of individual men. When institutions change, and habits of obedience break up, persons only are powers, and the destruction of one life often leads to the fall and failure of a revolution. Bacon possessed genius, and his influence was all-powerful. As soon as ordinary men discover in another a vastly greater intellect than their own they not only take pride in acknowledging his superiority, but flatter their own vanity by making him their leader and obeying his orders. While Bacon lived every officer in the army felt complete confidence in his wisdom and courage, and perfectly willing to attach their fortunes to his. Bacon once dead, discord arose. There is not an officer who does not think himself superior to Ingram; none of them have confidence in him, and they are all plotting to snatch the reins of authority out of his hands, just as Monk took the government of England from Richard Cromwell and gave it to Charles II."

"Bacon was a great man. You could see it in his face and hear it in his voice. He didn't look and talk like other people. Even old Mrs. Grindon prophesied greatness for him, although she seemed dreadfully afraid that he might marry me and put me on a throne as his queen. This hope, though, is all gone. I can't see anything else to do except being an old maid; and somehow I don't like the thought."

"A prudent man always foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, as the Scriptures sayeth. I intend to urge upon Ingram the importance of making terms with Berkeley as soon as he can. If the war goes on we will come to an unconditional surrender, and will then have nothing but the Governor's mercy to rely upon, which, you may be sure, will be a broken reed. While we are still strong enough to

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fight, he, for the sake of peace and power, may be willing to grant liberal pardons. He needs our men to help him subdue the Indians, and will give something for them," said Doctor Mather.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BERKELEY, leaving a sufficient garrison at Green Spring, set out in pursuit of Colonel Cheeseman and Colonel Wilford, who had been sent by Ingram to reinforce Hansford and Lawrence, when he heard of the movement of the Governor upon that important post. These Colonels were, however, too slow, and hearing of the disaster, wheeled and sought to fall back upon West Point. When Berkeley came in sight the two batallions became disorganized, and the Colonels finding themselves unable to make an effectual resistance, determined to try their fortunes in flight, but were foiled by the better speed of Berkeley's horsemen. The Colonels were captured and condemned to death, while the other men were treated like those taken at Green Spring. Wilford was hanged without delay; but the pleadings of Mrs. Cheeseman, who, before the war, had been a friend of Lady Berkeley, so far prevailed with the Governor as to get her husband's punishment changed from death to imprisonment for life.

Encouraged by these successes and strengthened by two ships-of-war, recently arrived from England, Berkeley marched into Gloucester, where he captured Colonel Harris, and induced the people of that county and also the people of Middlesex and James City to renew their allegiance to him as lawful Governor of Virginia. Ingram then determined to divide his force at West Point, in order to send Walklett with a detachment to suppress what he called an insurrection in these three counties. Berkeley endeavored

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to cut off this party, and while so employed, Ingram fell upon the men the Governor left behind and forced them to surrender. The others returning, were also forced by Ingram to lay down their arms. These victories again gave the counties of Gloucester, Middlesex, and James City, to the adversaries of the Governor, and before he could recover his losses of men and ammunition, Green Spring was taken by Ingram. The Governor, in a rage, made one effort to carry the position by storm, but was repulsed with heavy loss, and retired for purposes of rest and recuperation.

While Berkeley was flushed with victory, Cotton Mather knew how useless it would be to make any overtures for peace and reconciliation; but as soon as the tide of war turned against him, Mather sought to impress upon the mind of Ingram the importance of coming to terms. At first Ingram rejected the counsel. He felt sure of his ability to carry the war to the conclusion designed by Bacon, and he would not stop fighting until the attainment of that end. Even a letter of personal friendship sent in by Berkeley had no other effect on the mind of Ingram than to strengthen a conviction of his superiority to the Governor, and to assume the letter to be the first step towards asking for peace. Ingram therefore replied only as the Governor had written—that is, as one gentleman corresponding with another.

While these merely complimentary epistles were being exchanged news came to Ingram of the defeat and death of Græme, his chief officer on the south side of James river. Græme had been met by Conset Berkeley, and after a brisk and brilliant engagement, in which the two commanders fought hand to hand with their swords, Græme was killed by Conset, and all of his men made prisoners and all of his supplies either captured or destroyed.

Græme was thought by Doctor Mather to be the ablest man in the army, after the death of Bacon. He was a bold, dashing young fellow; full of fire and energy; highly intellectual, and honestly ambitious. He lost his life in the fight

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with Conset by reason of having an inferior sword. Conset's was a fine Damascus blade, while Græme's was, of course, untempered steel. Better knights never met in battle than these two. Their swords flashed in the air like streaks of light, occasionally emitting sparks of fire and sounding like the clash of cymbals. After dealing and warding off blows and thrusts for five minutes, the blade of Græme's suddenly broke to pieces, and then Conset swept his head from his body at a single dash.

In this battle also fell Cluverius, and his heroic death banished suspicion from the minds of many that he in any way dealt unfairly with Bacon. It was not until a hundred years had rolled around that the finding of an old letter at Rosewell caused readers to again think that Bacon was dispatched with poison, and that the circumstances of the plot were somewhat as we have related.

The defeat and death of Græme so much cooled the ardor of Ingram as to induce him to lend a willing ear to the counsels of Doctor Mather. Ingram, now not being able to muster any other men than those around him at Green Spring, and holding no more land than that he camped upon, opened his mind to the greater wisdom of saving as much as he could by negotiations rather than risk all in the prosecution of a war which portended nothing but death and disaster. Berkeley being as anxious for peace as Ingram, there was no trouble or delay in arranging a treaty. The articles, as drawn up by Doctor Mather, provided first for a surrender of all the rebel forces, with their arms and munitions of war, the Governor agreeing to give therefor a full pardon to all who took an oath of allegiance to his government; second, an act of oblivion, which secured to each man the same civil rights he had enjoyed before going into the rebellion. Before signing this paper Berkeley wrote an additional clause which excepted Bacon and Drummond from its operations. As one was dead and the other called himself Governor of North Carolina, Ingram and Mather

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thought the exceptions of little moment, and signed the treaty as it now read. The troops then stacked their arms, burned the rainbow flags, and took the prescribed oath of allegiance. The men of the late contending armies then began to mix and mingle, to drink and to eat with each other, to talk over the campaign, to praise the valor and endurance of their rivals, as if the war of one long summer had been nothing more than a boisterous game of chance in which good luck favored the side of Lord Berkeley.

As soon as Colonel Brent fell into conversation with Ingram and Mather, he gave some information which had a startling effect upon many of those who stood around and listened. General Bacon had, five months before his death, secretly married Lizzie Duke, of Henrico, the daughter of his old rival for legislative honors and his chief financial friend during the recent hostilities. Why this marriage took place in secret and had been kept secret Colonel Brent did not know, but thought it a piece of state-craft, designed to attach to his cause as many planters as had daughters to marry and wished them to wed a man who promised to be the greatest in America.

"No," said Emma Cotton, "it was owing to witchcraft. Old Mrs. Grindon couldn't bear the idea of his marrying me, and conjured in such a way as to make him marry Lizzie Duke and leave me out. But since he is dead and the good cause of the Puritans lost, it don't make much difference. I will go to Massachusetts with my Cousin Cotton, where I hope to have better luck among a great many witches than I had here in Virginia with only one to contend with. Witches are like all other troubles—one is worse than a great many."

The Cottons did go to Massachusetts with Doctor Mather, where the two girls married and remained. Mr. and Mrs. Cotton returned to Virginia, and when Williamsburg became the new Capital of the Colony, they built the Raleigh Tavern, a structure of wood, which resisted the ravages of

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time and defied the elements up to the second year of the civil war, when it was destroyed by fire. General Bacon's widow married Mr. Jarvis, and went with him to England to reside, where the one Bacon child grew up to be a handsome and accomplished girl, and at the age of twenty married Doctor Chamberlen, of London, whose father is well known in medical science as the inventor of the obstetrical forceps.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

As soon as Berkeley had the reins of power securely in his hands he set to work to find flaws in the treaty of peace; and wherever he could put a man or a woman outside of its letter he hastened to do so. Drummond, for instance, although he had never been in arms, and called himself the Governor of North Carolina, was tried and condemned for treason, and only given half an hour to prepare for death. Doctor Grindon would have shared the same fate if he had not, upon hearing of the death of Drummond, blown his nose with so much violence as to bring on an attack of epistaxis, from which he died in thirty minutes. The widow of Drummond and her five children, as also Mrs. Grindon, became so much frightened as to seek the forest for a shelter, and as they were not heard of thereafter, it is supposed that they all either perished of famine or were tomahawked by the Indians. Other persons who had either actively participated in the rebellion, or given it aid and comfort, were so severely dealt with, by excessive fines and widespread confiscations, as to reduce families once opulent to the lowest ebb of poverty. From these disasters the influence of Mr. Madison in a great measure protected the widow of Bacon and her father, Mr. Duke. They were allowed to retain enough property for a bare subsistence, and their personal liberty was in no way abridged.

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Great as were the recuperative energies of the Colony, it was not until the next generation that these impoverished families recovered their wealth and their influence. Even Charles II of England thought Governor Berkeley inflicted punishments of unnecessary severity. Berkeley was called before the King to justify himself, and after hearing all he could say for himself, Charles remarked: "You inflicted death upon twenty-seven persons by public hanging, and destroyed the fortunes of three times as many. You did all this to punish an insurrection in Virginia; while I was not half as severe with people here in England who cut off my father's head and kept me an exile and a wanderer for eight long years"

"Your Majesty can form no idea of the gross disloyalty of the rebel, Nat. Bacon. He was animated by no other aim than a criminal ambition. He thought nothing of crown or church—it was Nat. Bacon all the time. He told his deluded followers that he was fighting for political and religious liberty, when, in fact, he was working for himself and his accomplices in crime. Bacon sought to imitate Cromwell, but it was like the frog in the fable trying to be as big as the ox."

"As the frog has burst asunder in his efforts to be big, it will be an awful warning to all vain men not to try to get beyond the limits of nature."

"I have doubts, your Majesty, whether Nat. Bacon is really dead. I incline to think it a trick to give him a chance to gather strength for a new rebellion; and I issued my proclamation before leaving Virginia, setting a price upon his head, and warning the governors of the other colonies to give him no harbor," said Berkeley.

"It is true that no government is ever safe and strong until its foundation stones have been cemented with the blood of rebels, but there is an intemperance in blood just as there is in wine; and you took more than a sufficiency. To protect you from all danger of Bacon, if he is alive, and

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from all danger of his ghost, if he is dead, I will relieve you of the government of Virginia and put another man in your place. Fortunately, there is no lack of candidates."

To this remark of the King Berkeley courteously bowed, then retired to his hotel, and a few days later died from the effect of a loss of office.

THE END.

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